

# How to Train Your Dragon: Film

by mastesargent

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Summary: An novelization of the 2010 animated film. Written using the screenplay by Dean DeBlois and Chris Sanders. Rated 'T' for brief tidbits of language and violence. My first fan fiction. Disclaimer: I do not own How to Train Your Dragon, obviously.

## 1. Chapter 1

**\*\*Hello, mastesargent here, and I say hello to the community!\*\***

**\*\*I've been watching How to Train Your Dragon a lot lately, and couldn't help but think, "I think I could tell the story a bit better." So, here I am, writing my first story. This story will be told from different points of view (mainly Hiccup, Stoick, and Astrid, but you will see some Toothless and Gobber). I am planning on writing a companion to this which will focus exclusively on Toothless, but for now this will be my focus. I don't plan on updating regularly, just whenever it most convinces me. One last thing: I am going to use a few deleted scenes, so if you see something that wasn't in the movie, it's probably a deleted scene.\*\***

**\*\*Alright, now that we've got some formalities out of the way, let's get started. \*\*\_\*\*We start off on a rocky island, early in the morning...\*\*\_**

## Chapter 1

This is Berk

POV: Hiccup Haddock

I woke up, earlier than usual, and began running the summary of my home that I ran through my head every day.

'\_This is Berk. It's about twelve days north of Hopeless and a few degrees south of Freezing to Death. It's located solidly on the Meridian of Misery. My village. In a word? Sturdy, and it's been here for seven generations, but every single building is new. We have fishing, hunting, and a charming view of the sunset. The only problems are the pests. You see, most places have mice, or mosquitoes. We haveâ€|'\_

As I finished dressing, I heard the alarm rise. '\_Right on cue,' \_I thought miserably to myself as I opened the door. A Monstrous Nightmare swooped in, directly towards me. In a panic, I hurriedly slammed the door. Right in time, too, as its sticky fire burst through the edges of the door. "â€| Dragons!" I finished to myself.

I running out the door, I dashed through the ongoing dragon raid, half dazed. '\_Most people would leave,' \_I thought as I saw a man fling himself after his livestock. '\_Not us. We're Vikings. We haveâ€| stubbornness issues.' \_Another man was half sitting, half standing inside the mouth of a Gronkle, beating it with his hammer. He was flung away moments later.

'\_My name's Hiccup. Great name, I know, but it's not the worst. Parents believe a hideous name will frighten off gnomes and trolls. As if our "charming" Viking demeanor wouldn't do that.'\_

A Viking, blasted on top of me by a dragon, proceeded to scream in my face, before cheerily saying, "Mornin'!" and charging back into the fight.

As I ran towards the blacksmith stall, I passed Hoark the Haggard, Burnthair the Broad, and Phlegma the Fierce.

"What are you doing out!"

"Get inside!"

"Get back inside!"

I also passed Ack, who was far more concerned with the contents of his ear than the walkway he was supposed to be guarding.

Suddenly, I felt myself being lifted into the air. '\_Thank the Gods,' \_I thought. It was the chieftain of Berk, a beefy man with red air and a red, flowing beard. "Hiccup!" he said. "What's he doing out again? What are you doing out? Get back inside!"

'\_That's Stoick the Vast. Chief of the Tribe. They say when he was a baby he popped a dragon's head clean off its shoulders. Do I believe it?'\_

Stoick lifted up a cart, throwing it at a Deadly Nadder as it flew by. The cart collided and splintered on the Dragon's body.

'\_Yes I do.'\_

"What have we got?" asked Stoick.

"Gronkles. Nadders. Zipplebacks. Oh, and Hoark saw a Monstrous Nightmare," replied a Viking.

"Any Night Furies?"

"None so far."

"Good," replied Stoick.

"Hoist the torches!" I heard as I dashed through the village. Large bowls of fire were raised into the air, lighting up the night sky to the dragons attacking the island.

"Ah! Nice of you to join the party!" said the blacksmith as I entered the stall.

"I thought you'd been carried off!" he teased as he repaired several mangled weapons with his hammer and 'tongs.' His right hand was missing, replaced by one several inter-changeable appendages. His left foot was also gone, replaced by a peg that connected at the knee.

"Who, me?" I replied, donning my apron. "Nah, come on! I'm way too muscular for their taste!" I countered, while putting away, with effort, one of his larger appendages.

"Well they have to have toothpicks, don't they?" he jeered.

'\_The meathead with attitude and inter-changeable hands is Gobber. I've been his apprentice ever since I was littleâ€¦ Well, littler.'\_

I was by far the weakest of the tribe, with a rather unusual appearance. I was thin and gangly, but not tall. I had a head full of naturally combed over brown hair. Easily the smallest in my age group.

From across the plaza, I heard Stoick's booming voice. "We'll move to the lower defenses, Counter-attack with the catapults!"

Directly behind him, a Monstrous Nightmare fired, hitting and burning a house with its liquid-like fire.

'\_See? Old village, lots and lots of new houses.'\_

"Fire!"

Four teens my age rushed past the stall, carrying buckets and carting a large container of water.

'\_Oh and that's Fishlegs, Snotlout. The twins, Ruffnut and Tuffnut. Andâ€¦'\_

As the last teen emptied her bucket into the fire, a large explosion (caused by a dragon, no doubt) erupted in its place, just as she turned around.

'\_Astrid.'\_

Astrid was blonde, had a slender frame (slender, not skinny like me), and blue eyes. Snotlout had a beefy build, dark brown hair, and a generally mean look to his face. Fishlegs was fat. Fat to the point

that he could be mistaken as an adult if he wasn't as short as he was. The twins, other than gender, looked more or less the same. They both had long blonde hair and similar facial structures.

'\_Their job is so much cooler.'\_ I thought, leaning out of the stall to get a better view. Gobber pulled me back inside. "Oh, come on," I complained, "Let me out please. I need to make my mark."

"Oh, you've made plenty of marks," Gobber objected, \_"All in the wrong places!"\_

"Please, two minutes. I'll kill a dragon. My life will get infinitely better. I might even get a date." I argued, flourishing my hand in the general direction that Astrid went.

"You can't lift a hammer, you can't swing an axe, you can't even throw one of these!" said Gobber, lifting up a bola, which, to his surprise, was taken by a Viking behind him, who proceeded to rope a Gronkle and knock it out of the air.

"Okay, fine," I agreed, running towards my latest invention, a bolas-shooting ballista. "But this will throw it for me," I pointed out, tapping the machine lightly, which managed to unfold itself and fire through the window, knocking out the unlucky Viking at the window.

"See, now this here is what I'm talking about!" said Gobber, anger creeping into his voice.

"A mild calibration issue-"I began.

"Hiccup," Gobber cut off, "If you ever want to get out and fight dragons, you need to stop allâ€| this." He made a flourish in my general direction.

"But you just gestured to all of me!"

"That's it! Stop being all of you!"

"Ohâ€|" I said, trying to sound threatening.

"Oh, yes," Gobber imitated.

"You, sir, are playing a dangerous game!" I threatened, "Keeping this much rawâ€| Vikingâ€| ness contained! There will be consequences!"

"I'll take my chances," Gobber replied, tossing me a dull sword, a heavy one, mind you. "Sword. Sharpened. Now." And with that he turned around without another word.

**\*\*Alright! I've got no notes for this chapter, so if you stuck through this chapter, review at your leisure!\*\***

## 2. Chapter 2

### Chapter 2

#### Dragon Attack

POV: Anonymous

'\_One day I'll get out there. Because killing a dragon is everything around here.'\_

A group of blue, spiny-tailed Nadders gathered around an apparently empty house.

'\_A Nadder head is sure to get me at least noticed.'\_

Several fat, lumpy dragons flew off, their mouths full of fish.

'\_Gronckles are tough. Taking down one of those will definitely get me a girlfriend.'\_

A slim, two headed dragon breathed gas into a house. Another head made a spark, creating a violent explosion.

'\_A Zippleback? Exotic. Two heads. Double the status.'\_

"They've found the sheep!" yelled one of Stoick's men.

"Concentrate fire on the lower bank!" yelled Stoick from atop a catapult, obviously frustrated at this. After repelling several Nadders, an orange glow began emanating from the base of the catapult.

'\_And then, there's the Monstrous Nightmare. Only the best Vikings go after those. They have this "nasty" habit of lighting themselves on fire.'\_

Just then, a burning dragon burst to the top of the catapult. "Reload!" shouted Stoick, "I'll take care of this." As he began beating the dragon with his hammer a subsonic whine pierced the air.

POV: Hiccup Haddock

'\_But the ultimate prize is the dragon that no one has ever seen. We call it theâ€|'\_

I rose from sharpening the sword. I knew that sound.

"Night Fury!" somebody shouted, "Get down!"

From afar, I saw a blue explosion on Stoick's catapult, followed by a black streak. "JUMP!" shouted Stoick as he hopped from the catapult.

'\_This thing never steals food, never shows itself, andâ€|'\_

The catapult base was hit with another fireball, causing the structure to collapse.

'â€|\_never misses.'\_

"Man the fort, Hiccup," Gobber instructed me as he put on his hammer attachment. \_'Oh, yes,'\_ I thought to myself, \_'They need a crippled

man to fight a Night Fury.' \_ Suddenly, Gobber stopped in the doorway and turned around and said, "Stay. Put. There." \_ 'What am I, a dog?' \_ I thought. "You know what I mean." Gobber finished. He then proceeded out the doorway, screaming a battle cry all the way.

Not a minute later I burst out the door, pushing my bolas-shooting ballista towards a vacant catapult. I quickly managed to set up my ballista (without any accidental fires) and waited. "Come on. Give me something to shoot at, give me something to shoot at!" I prayed.

Suddenly, the subsonic scream returned. I aimed my sights at the general area, just as my eyes picked up movement. A shadow against shadows. Knowing I would have a split second to react I guided my sights toward the catapult. The explosion of blue light. The black streak. I move aimed my ballista at the place it should be in a moment if it maintained its current velocity and fired.

THWACK

The force of the ballista's firing mechanism forced me back, but I still saw the falling shape, heard the agonized scream.

"Oh, I hit it! Yes, I hit it!" I said, "Did anybody see that?" I turned around, expecting someone to have seen me hit that Night Fury. All I got was a Monstrous Nightmare staring me down. "Except for you." I groaned, and ran screaming into the plaza.

HtTYD

I managed to hide behind one of the torches as the dragon spat its fire. Instead of hitting me, the fire covered the opposite side of the post. As I peered around the post, checking to see whether the dragon had given up or not, a large mass shot past me. It was Stoick, tackling the Nightmare. The dragon attempted to spit its fire, but only conjured up a small puddle. "You're all out," jeered Stoick as he began to beat the dragon's snout until it fled.

The torch-post, burnt to the point that it could no longer support itself, fell over, causing the bowl to roll down into the harbor. I winced as I heard Vikings cry in surprise as they dodged out of the way.

'\_Oh, and there's one more thing you need to knowâ€¦|\_

\*\*Okay, a few notes: \*\*

\*\* -I started this chapter from an anonymous point of view to make it less confusing (How could Hiccup see all of these dragons if he was sharpening a sword?) \*\*

\*\* -I ended the chapter before Hiccup apologized to Stoick because... well, you'll see. \*\*

### 3. Chapter 3

#### Chapter 3

'Divine Beauty'

POV: Astrid Hofferson

"Sorryâ€¦ Dad," Hiccup apologized to Stoick. The whole village held their breath, waiting for Hiccup's excuse. "Okay, but I hit a Night Fury." Hiccup added quickly, making the entire village sigh in frustration; this was the fourth raid in a row that 'Night Fury' was his excuse. Stoick grabbed him by the collar and started dragging him towards his house.

"It's not like the last few times, Dad. I mean I really actually hit one," Hiccup pleaded, making the rest of the teens around me snort, except for Fishlegs and myself. "You guys were busy and I had a very clear shot. It went down just off Raven Point. Let's get a search party out there before it-"

"Stop!" yelled Stoick, cutting off Hiccup, "Justâ€¦ Stop. Every time you step outside, disaster follows! Can you not see I have bigger problems? Winter is almost here and I have an entire village to feed!" The entire village watched Hiccup with an irritated aura surrounding them. "Between you and me, the village could do with a little less feeding, don't you think?" The entire village gasped in insult at this. A few even put their hands to their bellies.

"This isn't a joke, Hiccup!" Stoick said angrily, "Why can't you follow the simplest orders?" Stoick had a point. Hiccup never did anything he was told. "I can't stop myself! I see a dragon and I have to justâ€¦ Kill it!" argued Hiccup, pantomiming breaking a large neck, "It's who I am, Dad." \_'Hiccup, a dragon killer?'\_ I thought, \_'I doubt he would even be able to corner one.'\_

"You are many things, Hiccup," said Stoick, shaking his head, "But a dragon killer is not one of them. Get back to the house." Then, to Gobber, "Make sure he gets there. I have his mess to clean up." With that he lumbered off.

Ruffnut couldn't hold it in much longer, and she burst out laughing. "Quite the performance," jeered Tuffnut. "I've \_never\_ seen anyone mess up that badly," jeered Snotlout, "That helped!" Fishlegs stayed quiet, being the only one who was considerate towards Hiccup. I couldn't care less. He was so weak and insignificant; it was more a waste of energy than anything. I simply glared, trying to make a point to Hiccup that he shouldn't interfere with raids. "Thank you, thank you," said Hiccup dryly, avoiding my glare, "I was trying."

I normally don't mind Hiccup. Only when he messes up during raids does he get on my nerves. Well, that and the rare occasion that I caught him looking at me. \_'Whatever that boy feels,'\_ I thought, \_'at least he keeps it to himself.'\_ It was true. Hiccup mostly kept to himself, talking mostly to Gobber. Snotlout, on the other hand, never shut up, and was always trying to get my attention. Irritating, yes, but I had learned to block it out.

As the rest of my peers dispersed, going on with their daily lives, I walked towards the training ring. I was going to need to keep sharp for when we began dragon training. I didn't like to admit it, but my strength came from my insecurity. I couldn't let any of the men see that I had any weakness...

**\*\*Notes!\*\***

\*\* -A few of you may be thinking, "What's with the chapter title?" I'll tell you: Astrid is a name of North Germanic origin (and the only name that shows up as a word on my computer). It derives from the Old Norse word *Ásfríðr* (Divine Beauty), from *Áss* (god) + *fríðr* (beauty). This chapter is told from Astrid's POV, so, yeah.\*\*

\*\* -I told this chapter from Astrid's POV for two reasons: To make her less two-dimensional and to give a bit of insight on her (what she thinks about Hiccup, mostly).\*\*

## 4. Chapter 4

### Chapter 4

#### The Downed Dragon

POV: Hiccup Haddock

"I really did hit one," I told Gobber as we walked up the hill. "Sure, Hiccup," he replied, pretending to believe me. "He never listens," I continued.

"Well, it runs in the family."

"And when he does it's with this disappointed scowl," I said, reaching the door and turning to face Gobber, "like someone skimmed on the meat in his sandwich. 'Excuse me, barmaid? I'm afraid you've brought me the wrong offspring! I ordered an extra large boy with beefy arms! Extra guts and glory on the side! This here, this is a talking fishbone!' I complained, doing my best impression of Stoick.

"You're thinking about this all wrong. It's not so much what you look like, it's what's inside that he can't stand," said Gobber, trying to cheer me up.

I stood there, slack-jawed momentarily at Gobber's cluelessness. "Thank you, for summing that up," I replied and began to turn towards the door.

"Look, the point is: Stop trying to be something you're not."

"I just want to be one of you guys," I said, feeling left out and discouraged, and closed the door behind me.

As soon as I did, however, I quietly opened the back door and headed out. 'It's time to find the Night Fury,' I thought determinedly.

POV: Gobber the Belch

I sat in the back of the great hall, sipping mead from my mug, as I dimly listened to Stoick's speech.

"Either we finish them, or they'll finish us! It's the only way we'll be rid of them! If we find the nest and destroy it, the dragons will leave. They'll find another home." He stabbed a map with a dagger, in



the area that the dragons' nest should be. "One more search," continued Stoick, "Before the ice sets in."

"Those ships never come back." somebody objected.

"We're Vikings," Stoick pointed out, "It's an occupational hazard. Now who's with me?"

Among the mumbles of disagreement, someone said, "Today's not good for me. I've gotta do my axe returns."

"Fine. Whoever stays behind can look after Hiccup."

"To the ships!" shouted Phlegma.

"I'm with you, Stoick!" shouted Spitelout, Stoick's second-in-command.

"Yeah, that's more like it," Stoick muttered.

As everyone cleared out, Stoick marched over to me. "I'll pack my undies," I said, gulping down most of my mead. "No," ordered Stoick, "I need you to stay here and train some new recruits."

"Oh, perfect. And while I'm busy, Hiccup can cover the stall," I complained, "Molten steel, razor sharp blades, plenty of time to himself; \_what could possibly go wrong?\_"

Seeing my point, he sat down beside me. "What am I going to do with him, Gobber?" he asked.

"Put him in training with the others."

"No I'm serious!"

"So am I."

"He's be killed before you let the first dragon out of its cage!" he argued.

"Oh, ye don't know that."

"I do know that, actually."

"No, ye don't"

"No, actually, I do."

"No, ye don't!"

"Listen!" shot Stoick, "You know what he's like. From the time he could crawl he's beenâ€¦ different. He doesn't listen; he has the attention span of a sparrow. I take him fishing and he goes hunting forâ€¦ for trolls!"

"Trolls exist!" I pointed out, "They steal your socks! But only the left ones. What's with tha'?"

"When I was a boy, ("Oh, here we go," I grumbled) my father told me to hit my head against a rock, and I did. I thought it was crazy, but

I didn't question it. And you know what happened?"

"You got a headache," I said sarcastically.

"That rock split in two. It taught me what a Viking could do, Gobber. He could crush mountains, level forests, tame seas! Even as a boy, I knew what I was, what I had to become. Hiccup is not that boy."

"You can't stop him, Stiock. You can only prepare him," I pointed out, "Look, I know it seems hopeless, but the truth is you won't always be around to protect him. He's going to get out again. He's probably out there right now." My words made Stoick realize something. Keeping Hiccup out of harm's way would eventually backfire. Hiccup would need to start dragon training if he was to survive.

POV: Hiccup Haddock

"Ugh, the gods hate me," I moaned, slamming my notebook shut after searching most of the island. It wasn't even midday yet, and the Night Fury was nowhere to be found. "Some people lose their knife, or their mug. No, not me. I manage to lose an entire dragon!" I smacked a branch; only to have it hit me back, putting a period to my sentence. As I opened my eyes, however, I found what I had been searching for.

There was a trench in the ground. Normally I would dismiss it as a dried up gully, but this was more like a tear. The soil in and around it had been churned up; only hours ago, by the look of it. As I followed the trench, I noticed a tree root had been scratched by something. As I reached the opposite end, the ground rose a few feet. I peered over, gasped in a mixture of surprise and fear, and ducked back down. As I peered over again I saw what I had shot down earlier. A jet black dragon, wrapped up in my bola. It appeared to be dead or unconscious.

As I slid down the embankment, I pulled out my dagger. It was almost a toothpick by normal standards, but it would have to do. The dragon didn't as much as twitch. "Oh wow, I- I did it. Yes! I did it! This fixes everything!" I said, relieved. "I have brought down this mighty beast!" I said, putting my boot on the creature's foreleg, only to have it push me off.

I looked over to the face of the now breathing dragon. It was staring at me with a curious eye. There was something familiar about the way it looked at me, I just couldn't place it. "I'm going to kill you, dragon," I said under my breath, "I'm gonna cut out your heart and bring it to my father. I am a Viking." Trying to instill confidence in myself I repeated the words, "I am a Viking!" I raised my dagger above my head, ready to strike. I opened one eye and looked at the dragon. \_'Why do I know that gaze?'\_

I closed my eyes, steeled myself and— I couldn't do it. It looked so pitiful, wrapped up and immobile. "I did this," I said, turning to leave. Before I took a step, I turned back, looked at the dragon, and then at my dagger. \_'I have to finish this.'\_

I began cutting the rope. Not a second after cutting the last thread, I found myself on my back, pinned by the dragon's large foot. I stared into the dragon's eyes, only this time they were filled with

anger and hatred. The dragon took a deep intake of breath, and I braced for the inevitable fireballâ€¦ which never came. The dragon creamed at me, turned around, and was gone. I picked up my knife and began to walk towards the village, only to faint dead on my second step.

**\*\*\_Finally,\_ we get some Toothless. Anyways, no notes today. Review at will.\*\***

## 5. Chapter 5

**\*\*Hello, class. Today we will be focusing on deleted scenes.\*\***

### Chapter 5

#### An Axe to Grind

POV: Stoick the Vast

"They're getting bolder," I told Spittleout, "At this rate we won't have enough food to last the winter."

"Should we send out hunting parties?" he asked.

"For what? The devils have picked the island clean." I noticed one of my advance scout ships had come into port. "Please tell me you have some good news! I said, walking up to the port side of the ship. "Another two ships lost in the soup, and still no sign of the beasts," replied the captain.

"They're close. Close enough to make us their hunting grounds," I said to myself. \_'I suppose we will need one more search before winter.' \_"I'll proceed with my search," I announced.

"With what?" Spitelout asked, "We're not just low on ships, Stoick, we're low on men!"

"I'm pulling from the defenses."

"And leaving the village unprotected?" asked Spitelout, shocked.

"We'll train replacements," I assured him, "We need all hands on deck."

"All hands?" asked a nervous Spitelout, looking upwards.

I found his focus of attention. Hiccup was standing at the top of the cliff, listening in. He turned and ran, probably to Gobber's stall. I considered following him and telling him about dragon training. I batted the thought away immediately. \_'I'll tell him tonight, at the house,'\_ I decided, and began walking home.

POV: Hiccup Haddock

'\_"All hands on deck,"'\_ \_I thought, \_'What could that mean?'\_ \_

I was still thinking about this when I was working the bellows in

Gobber's stall. Gobber must have seen my expression and thought I was still concerned about this morning, because he restarted our earlier conversation. "Don't take it to heart, kid," Gobber said as he finished a new sword, "It's his job to be tough on everyone."

"I'm not everyone!" I said, half irritated at Gobber and half making a point, "But it doesn't matter. The guy's impossible to please."

"He just doesn't want to appear to be playing favorites," Gobber said, trying to cheer me up.

"He's covered in that department, believe me. If I didn't live in the same house as him I wouldn't even know he was my father." \_'Nor would the rest of the village,'\_ I added silently.

"Have you told him that?"

"Of course not. We barely even make eye contact."

"Look, about what I said earlier," Gobber said, seeing where the conversation was headed, "What I meant to say was: There's the Viking way, and then there's your way, and your way makes grown men... uncomfortable."

"Speaking of uncomfortable, I'd like a new conversation, please."

"All right," agreed Gobber, "How's it goin' with the ladies?"

"Oh, yeah. Way to get the mood back on track," I groaned.

"Ah, come on," prodded Gobber, "I've seen the way you look at Astrid."

"Please. Astrid wouldn't come near me if she was on fire and I had the only bucket of water in town."

"Hey!" said a voice from the door. \_'Who in the name of- Odin help me!\_' \_It was Astrid. "Can I get this sharpened?" she asked, indicating her axe.

"Astrid! Hi, Astrid!" My mouth shot off like a Terrible Terror on sugar. "Hello there! Welcome! What can I do-" She threw her axe into a wooden block directly in front of me, sticking perfectly. "Hey," I finished weakly.

"My, er, \_manly\_ apprentice here will service all of your needs," said Gobber quickly, shoving me towards the axe, "I have toâ€¦| goâ€¦| getâ€¦| someâ€¦| I- I'm just going outside." With that Gobber retreated to safety. "Gobber," I explained to Astrid, trying to make the best of a bad situation. Astrid picked up her axe and made to hand it to me, but pulling it away at the last second, then dropping it into my arms. The weight of the weapon pulled me down. "Okay. Razor-sharp battle axe, coming right up!" I said as I dragged the object towards the grinding wheel. "Careful!" Astrid called after me, "That's my mother's."

"So, I saw you guys of fire patrol last night," I said, trying to make conversation, "Looked like a good time. Yeah, I would've been

there, too, but I was out downing a Night Fury." I began to turn the crank on the wheel. "So, yeah. Pretty busy." I placed the axe on the wheel. "Really?" she asked, "Whereâ€¦"

"No, it got away," I said quickly. Was she humoring me? "But it won't be back anytime soon, believe you me," I added. This was the first time I had been in the same room as Astrid for an extended period of time. My male instincts began to take over. "Yeah, this whole apprentice thing is my, sort of, on the sideâ€¦ I'm mostly here to bulk up, lift some iron and stuff." Her constant reaching up for weapons provided an excellent view. "Become one with the steel."

CLANG! The loud noise brought me back to my senses. I had been sharpening the axe one side for so long that a chip had come out of it. I stowed the broken weapon under a shelf as I saw Astrid move towards my 'office', an alcove with a desk set aside for my inventions. "Uh, no, You're not actually supposed toâ€¦" I began, but Astrid opened the curtain anyway. "Whatâ€¦ is all of this?" she asked, curious about the various blueprints. "Oh, uh, those? Nothing. Just some stuff I've been working on. It's justâ€¦ confidential, upper-level development," I replied, lifting up a new blade for the axe, "I can't really talk about it, soâ€¦"

"'The Mutilator'," she said, picking up a blueprint. "Yes, yes," I began, placing the blade into a clamp, "Basically it uses twin weighted counter-levers to launch crisscrossing blades in four different directions."

"How do you hold it?"

"Well, you don't, you shoot it," I corrected, twisting the old handle into the new blade.

"Oh, wellâ€¦ I'm more of an old-fashioned 'take it down with an axe and then lop its head off' kind of girl," Astrid said, tossing away the blueprint, "It's kind of the Viking way, right?"

"Go, Vikings," I agreed.

"Gosh, I can't wait to get started tomorrow!" Astrid said, seemingly out of nowhere, "We finally get the chance to show them what we've got! I am so excited!"

"Yeahâ€¦" I replied, slightly confused, "I'm soâ€¦ excitedâ€¦ for you."

"What, you didn't hear?"

I shrugged.

"They're pulling men to crew the ships."

"And you're happy becauseâ€¦ youâ€¦ like to wave goodbye?"

"No, stupid. They need replacements to defend the town. We start training in the morning! We'll be fighting dragons!" \_ 'This must be what "all hands on deck" meant,' \_ I thought.

"Astrid!" Snotlout's voice called from outside; he was waiting with

Fishlegs, Ruffnut, and Tuffnut. "Are you coming to practice or what?"

Astrid turned back to me. I handed her the axe. She tested the tool in her hands. "This feels different," she said after inspecting it.

"Oh, right!" I said, mind racing to come up with a cover story. "I rebalanced it, tightened it up. Uh, finessed it. We're a full service outfit in here."

"Oh, thanks."

"Sure!"

Astrid turned, gave me one last nod, and ran to catch up with the group. What was said next didn't register with me; I only knew that they involved very painful things, and by some delusion, members of the group were looking forward to such pain being inflicted upon them.

**\*\*If ye like notes, ye've come to the right place.\*\***

**\*\*This entire chapter was focused on two deleted scenes: 'Aftermath' and 'Axe to Grind'. I've made some edits to allow them to fit better into the story (there was a wee bit of repeated dialogue).\*\***

**\*\*I've also changed Hiccup's destination and time of day (Again, edits!). Instead of returning home at night, he goes to the docks to eavesdrop on Stoick during the daytime.\*\***

**\*\*-'Axe to Grind' will be tricky to smooth out later on. It sort of changes Astrid's attitude towards Hiccup, but since Astrid's character is easy to read into, I shouldn't have much trouble.\*\***

## 6. Chapter 6

### Chapter 6

#### Farewell at the Docks

POV: Hiccup Haddock

When I arrived home, it was already dark, but there was a dim light flickering inside the house. \_'Great,' \_I thought, \_'Dad's home.' \_Not wanting to face him after the dragon raid, or tell him about being unable to kill dragons, I snuck through the back door, attempting to move up the stairs to my room. I almost made it when, "Hiccup."

"Dad. Uh," I said in surprise, "I, uhâ€¦ I need to talk to you." There was no avoiding it now. I had to tell him that I couldn't fight dragons.

I need to speak with you too, son," Stoick replied. \_'He wants to talk to me?' \_I thought, slightly taken aback.

"I've decided I don't want to I think it's time you learned to fight

dragons. fight dragons," we said, both sentences mixing. "What?" we said together.

"You go first," suggested Stoick.

"No, no. You go first."

"Alright. You get your wish. Dragon training. You start in the morning."

"Oh, man. I should have gone first. Uhâ€¦ because I was thinking: We have a surplus of dragon-fighting Vikings, but do we have enough bread-making Vikings? Or small home repairâ€¦"

"You'll need this," Stoick cut me off, handing me a large single-bladed battle axe.

I got to the point, "I don't want to fight dragons."

"Come on," Stoick chuckled, "Yes you do!"

"Rephrase: I \_can't \_kill dragons," I told him.

"But you \_will \_kill dragons!"

"No, I'm really extra-sure that I won't."

"It's time, Hiccup," Stoick said, forcing me to take the heavy weapon, "When you carry this axe, you carry all of us with you. Which means you walk like us. (He corrected by stance and grip on the axe) You talk like us. You think like us. No more ofâ€¦ this." He waved his hand over all of me.

"You just gestured to all of me."

"Deal?" asked Stoick.

"This conversation is feeling very one-sided!" I argued.

"Deal?" Stoick said, more telling me than asking me this time.

"Deal," I resigned.

"Good. Train hard. I'll be back," Stoick said. "Probably," he added.

"And I'll be hereâ€¦ maybe," I said miserably. Stoick closed the door, leaving to oversee the final preparations for the ships.

HtTYD

"Damn," I muttered at the docks that morning, still hefting the axe. The ships were leaving, and the entire village had come to say goodbye. I saw Fishlegs hugging his father. Even Astrid was hugging her father. I just stood, watching in envy.

Stoick walked up beside me. We both basked in the deafening silence. Gobber, finishing loading cargo, tossed the last sack over his

shoulder, not noticing the man that it knocked into the water. He walked over, grumbling. "Hiccup would like to say that he'll miss you, and he wishes that you'll find that Thor-forsaken dragon's nest so you can stop taking out your frustrations on everyone, namely poor Gobber," he told Stoick.

Gobber looked over at me to see my reaction. I shrugged indifferently. "Stoick wants to tell you he'll be thinking about you the whole time, so train hard, don't throw a house party, and he'll do his best not to get eaten by a sea serpent or dragon. But if he does, well, you know, that's that."

"We're Vikings. It's an occupational hazard," Stoick grunted.

"We're Vikings. It's an occupational hazard," repeated Gobber.

"I said that part!"

"Oh, sorry for helping!"

"I want him back with \_all \_limbs intact," ordered Stoick, hopping onto his ship. "Set sail!" he hollered to his small fleet of three ships. He was gone, and now I had to deal with dragon training and a possibly loose Night Fury myself.

## 7. Chapter 7

### Chapter 7

#### Dragon Training

POV: Hiccup Haddock

"Welcome to dragon training!" Gobber said, lifting the gate into the arena. I had been placed in a class with the regular group: Ruffnut, Tuffnut, Fishlegs, Snotlout, and of course, Astrid. "No turning back," I heard Astrid say under her breath.

"I hope I get some serious burns!" said Tuffnut, expressing his eagerness for pain.

"I'm hoping for some mauling," said Ruffnut, "Like on my shoulder or lower back."

"Yeah. It's only fun if you get a scar out of it," agreed Astrid. Less than twenty-four hours and they were wishing for pain \_again\_. '\_Are they all insane?' \_I thought. I might as well play along.

"Yeah, no kidding, right?" I chimed in. Apparently no one had noticed me, because they all looked at me with surprise. "Pain, love it." My own attempts at trying to fit in made me wince inside.

"Oh, great. Who let him in?" moaned Tuffnut.

"Let's get started!" Gobber bellowed, "The recruit who does best will win the honor of killing his first dragon in front of the entire village." I winced at Gobber's last comment. I was competing for something that I had already failed at.



"Hiccup already killed a Night Fury," Snotlout told Gobber, making me scream inside, "so does that disqualify him orâ€|?" The entire class save Astrid, Fishlegs, and myself burst out laughing. "Can I transfer to the class with the cool Vikings?" Tuffnut teased.

"Don't worry," Gobber told me, wrapping his arm around me, "You're small and weak. That'll make you less of a target. They'll see you as sick or insane and go after the more Viking-like teens instead." He pushed me into line, and began briefing us on our training.

"Behind these doors (indicating the five doors at the back of the ring) are just a few of the many species you will learn to fight: the Deadly Nadder ("Speed eight, venom twelve," Fishlegs shot out), the Hideous Zippleback ("Plus eleven stealth times two!" Fishlegs continued), the Monstrous Nightmare ("Firepower fifteen," Fishlegs, again), the Terrible Terror ("Attack eight, venom twelve," Fishlegs said, unable to contain his excitement) WILL YOU STOP THAT!" Gobber bellowed, shutting Fishlegs up. "Andâ€|" Gobber said at the final door, placing his hand on the lever, "the Gronckle ("Jaw strength eight," Fishlegs whispered to me)."

"Whoa, wait!" Snotlout exclaimed, seeing Gobber's intentions, "Aren't you going to teach us first?"

"I believe in learning on the job." Gobber pulled the lever, and the Gronckle burst free of its enclosure. We all scrambled in different directions.

"Today is about survival," Gobber told us, "If you get blasted, you're dead!" I prayed he was speaking figuratively. As I scrambled for cover, Gobber began to quiz us, "Quick, what's the first thing you're going to need?"

"A doctor?" I asked.

"Plus five speed?" Fishlegs suggested.

"A shield," said Astrid.

"Shields!" Gobber confirmed, "Go."

The things were scattered all over the arena, and we all raced to grab one. "Your most important piece of equipment is your shield," Gobber told us, "If you have a choice between a sword and a shield, take the shield." I struggled to pick mine up. Gobber put it on my arm and pushed me into the fray. I noticed Ruffnut and Tuffnut amongst about a dozen shields, bickering over one: "Get your hands off my shield!" Tuffnut argued.

"There's, like, a million shields!" Ruffnut pointed out.

"Take that one," Tuff argued back, "It had a flower on it. Girls like flowers."

Ruff yanked the shield out of his hands and bashed him over the head with it. "Oops, now this one has blood on it," she jeered.

While they were bickering, the Gronckle spat a ball of fire at the shield in between the twins, knocking them both over.

"Ruffnut, Tuffnut, you're out!" said Gobber.

"What?"

"What?"

"Those shields are good for another thing: noise! Make lots of it to throw off a dragon's aim!" Gobber instructed us. The remaining class surrounded the dragon, banging on our shields. The Gronckle began to look dazed.

"Each dragon has a limited number of shots. How many does a Gronckle have?" Gobber asked.

"Five!" Snotlout threw out.

"No, six!" Fishlegs corrected.

"Good, six; that's one for each of you!" Gobber said cheerily.

"I really don't think my parents wouldâ€¦" Fishlegs began, but the Gronckle blasting his shield sent him screaming.

"Fishlegs, out," said Gobber.

I was currently hiding behind a wooden rack, sheltering me from the Gronckled blasts. Gobber must have spotted me, because he bellowed at me to get back into the fight; just as a blast hit the wall near me.

"So, anyway," said Snotlout to Astrid, "I'm moving into my parent's basement. You should come by sometime to work out. You look like you work outâ€¦" Just then Astrid dodged out of the way, evading a fireball that hit Snotlout's shield.

"Snotlout, you're done."

"So, I guess it's just you and me, huh?" I said to Astrid as she somersaulted next to me.

"Nope, just you," she said as she cartwheeled away. A split second later a fireball grazed my shield, knocking it off my arm. In a panic, I scrambled to pick it back up. "One shot left," Gobber counted down. The Gronckle chased after me, seeing me as the 'easy' kill. "Hiccup!" I heard Gobber call after me. With the wall in front of me, and the Gronckle behind me, I hit the deck and began to back up against the wall. Suddenly, I flashed back to the Night Fury I encountered the day before. But this Gronckle wasn't about to spare me. Luckily, just as I saw the orange glow in the back of its mouth, a hook reached in and threw off its aim. The fireball hit just above my head.

"And that's six," said Gobber, pulling the Gronckle back to its cage with his hook, "Go back to bed, ya overgrown sausage!" He tossed the dragon into its cage and shut the door. "You'll get another chance, don't you worry," he assured us, "And remember: A dragon alwaysâ€¦" he looked over to me, "\_always \_goes for the kill."

HtTYD

"So why didn't you?" I wondered later, picking up the bola I had left in the woods.

I walked in the general direction the dragon had gone, dropping into a passage between to cliffs. I came out on a ledge overlooking an isolated cove. I saw a small lake, a few birdsâ€¦ but no Night Fury. "Well this was stupid," I said, turning to leave. At that moment, I noticed a glimmer on the ledge in front of me. It was a jet black scale. I picked it up, studying it.

That's when the Night Fury jumped up the wall beside me.

\*\*M'kay, now we're talking! No notes today. There's a review button down there. Feel free to use it.\*\*

## 8. Chapter 8

### Chapter 8

#### The Dragon Book

POV: Hiccup Haddock

I jumped back. Had the dragon seen me? Apparently not. It looked like it was trying to climb up the side of the cove. Failing to do so, it flew to the other side, landing roughly. I was fascinated at the sight of the thing. Again it tried to scale the walls, failing each time. Eventually it landed for the last time, shooting a fireball in frustration. The angle it was at gave me an excellent view of the creature. \_'I'm the first one to get close enough to document this thing,' \_it occurred to me. I pulled out my notebook and hastily sketched the dragon. It was jet black, had bat-like wings, yellow-green eyes, a two-sided tail fin, and plates on the back of its head that resembled ears.

"Why don't you justâ€¦ fly away?" I said quietly. Then I noticed something: the left half of its tail was gone. I erased that part of the tail.

Exhausted, the dragon thrust its head into the water, attempting to catch fish. Apparently unsuccessful, it bowed its head in defeat.

Mesmerized by this sight, I had been loosening my grip on my pencil. Only when I dropped it did I notice it. I hurriedly tried to catch it, but it fell with a faint clatter. One of the plates on the Night Fury's head twitched, and it looked up, noticing me. I began to shrink back, but then stopped. There was no aggression in its eyes. Only something that looked like a mixture between confusion and curiosity. I slightly tilted my head, bewildered, and the dragon mirrored this. We still seemed to be on the 'life for a life' terms.

HtTYD

When I walked into the Great Hall for dinner, it was dark, and a nasty storm was brewing up. Thor had beef for someone.

"Alright," I heard Gobber say when I walked in, "Where did Astrid go wrong in the ring today?"

"I mistimed my somersault dive," Astrid answered, "It was sloppy. It threw off my reverse tumble."

"Yeah, we noticed," Ruffnut said sarcastically.

"No, no, you were great," Snotlout said, still trying to hit on Astrid, a tactic I learned long ago didn't work, "That was so 'Astrid'."

"She's right," Gobber said, agreeing with Astrid, "You have to be tough on yourselves."

The door slammed shut. Everyone turned to look at me. "Where did Hiccup go wrong?" Gobber asked the class.

"Uh, he showed up," Ruffnut replied.

"He didn't get eaten," Tuffnut answered.

Snotlout scooted over to the edge of the table, giving me an innocent yet sinister grin. Without stopping, I grabbed my meal. Snotlout scooted over again, still grinning, preventing me from sitting at the table. I simply grabbed my drink and walked to the next table and began picking at my food. I preferred to eat alone anyway.

"He's never where he should be," replied Astrid, glaring at me. That made me sting inside.

"Thank you, Astrid," Gobber acknowledged, "You need to live and breathe this stuff." He dropped a large book on the group's table. "The Dragon Manual," he told us, "Everything we know about every dragon we know of." A roll of thunder boomed outside. "No attacks tonight. Read up," instructed Gobber, walking away.

"Wait, read?" said Tuffnut, knocking over the knife he had been balancing.

"While we're still alive?" said Ruffnut, equally shocked.

"Why read words when you can just kill the stuff the words tell you about?" Snotlout asked.

"Oh! Oh! I've read it, like, eight times!" Fishlegs burst out, shaking with excitement, "There's this water dragon the sprays boiling water at your face!" Snotlout looked at Fishlegs like he had just sprouted an extra set of eyes. "And there's this other one," Fishlegs babbled on, "that buries itself for, like, a week!"

"Yeah, that sounds great," Tuffnut cut off, "There was a chance I was gonna read that!"

"But now!" Ruffnut finished.

"You guys read, I'll go kill stuff," said Snotlout getting up. Everyone else but me and Astrid got up and left. Tuffnut even managed

to shove his sister's face into the table while he got up. Fishlegs babbled on about dragons.

"So I guess we'll share," I said, walking up to Astrid.

"Read it," she said, pushing the book towards me and getting up to leave.

"All mine, then. Wow. So, okay. I'll see youâ€" The door slammed shut. "Tomorrow."

HtTYD

I came back later that night with a candle. Approaching the book, I set the candle down and opened it.

'\_Dragon Classifications: Strike Class, Fear Class, Mystery Class.' \_I turned the page and began to read. \_'Thunderdrum. This reclusive dragon inhabits sea caves and tidepools. When startled, the Thunderdrum produces a concussive sound that can kill a man at close range. Extremely dangerous; kill on sight.' \_I turned the page.

'\_Timberjack. This gigantic creature has razor-sharp wings that can slice through fully-grown treesâ€| Extremely dangerous; kill on sight.' \_I flipped another page.

'\_Scauldron. Sprays scalding water at its victims. Extremely dangerous...\_(\_'So that's what Fishlegs was on about,' \_I thought.) Suddenly, a roll of thunder peirced the ait out side, startling me. I flipped to yet another page.

'\_Changewing. Even newly hatched dragons can spray acid. Extremely dangerous; kill on sight.' \_Seeing a pattern, I began to flip pages at random.

'\_Gronckleâ€| Zipplebackâ€| The Skrillâ€| Boneknapperâ€| \_(\_'Doesn't Gobber mumble about that during slow days in the stall?' \_I thought)\_Whispering Deathâ€| Burns its victimsâ€| buries its victimsâ€| turns its victims inside-outâ€| extremely dangerousâ€| extremely dangerousâ€| kill on sightâ€| kill on sightâ€| kill on sightâ€| '\_

I found the page I was looking for. It was blank, save for a name and some text at the bottom. \_'Night Fury. Speed: unknown. Size: unknown. The unholy offspring of lightning and Death itself. \_NEVER\_ engage this dragon. Your only chance: hide and pray it does not find you.' \_

I pulled out my journal, turned to the page with the sketch of the Night Fury, and dropped it on the book.

POV: Stoick the Vast

We reached the uncharted territory that morning. "I can almost smell them," I muttered, "They're close." I knew that the nest had to be in the endless fog bank ahead. "Take us in," I ordered. "Hard to port," the rudder man informed the ships behind us. "To Helheim's Gate," someone whispered. We entered the fog bank. It was quiet untilâ€| "NIGHTMARE!"

**\*\*Alright, no notes today. We'll finally get our first scene with the Toothless we all know and love within the next chapter or two.\*\***

## 9. Chapter 9

### Chapter 9

Focus, Hiccup!

POV: Hiccup Haddock

"So, I just happened to notice the book had nothing on Night Furies," I told Gobber the next day. "Is there another book? Or a sequel? Maybe a little Night Fury pamphlet?" I suddenly felt a rush of heat: the fire from the training Nadder had taken off my axe head, rendering it useless. "Focus, Hiccup!" Gobber shouted from outside the ring. "You're not even trying!"

Today, the ring was set up like a maze, with multiple wooden walls set up, forcing us to scatter, but allowing the Nadder to hop around with ease. "Today is about ATTACK!" Gobber told us. "The Nadder is quick and light on the feet. Your job is to be quicker and lighter." As I ran, I saw Fishlegs in an adjoining passage. The Nadder, which was on the wall above him, whipped its tail up, extending several spikes and launching them at him. Using his shield to protect himself, he screamed and ran. "I'm really beginning to question your teaching methods!" Fishlegs informed Gobber.

"Look for its 'blind spot'," Gobber instructed. "Every dragon has one. Find it, hide in it, and strike!" I passed the twins, who turned a corner and found themselves face-to-face with the Nadder, which seemed oblivious to their presence.

"Do you ever bathe?" asked Ruffnut, catching a whiff of her brother.

"If you don't like it, then get your own blind spot!" Tuffnut argued back.

"How about I give you one!" Ruffnut said, shoving her brother.

The Nadder, hearing the bickering twins, snapped at them, sending them running. "Blind spot? Yes." said Gobber. "Deaf spot? Not so much."

Finding my way back to Gobber, I tried to engage in conversation. "So how would one sneak up on a Night Fury?" I asked.

"No one's ever seen one and lived to tell the tale," said Gobber, rubbing his nose in frustration. "NOW GET IN THERE!"

"I know. But, hypotheticallyâ€" I began.

"Hiccup!" whispered a voice from behind me. It was Astrid, kneeling behind a wall with Snotlout. "Get down!"

I obliged. I heard the Nadder hop down on the other side of the wall.

Astrid did a roll past it, and Snotlout followed suit. I tried the same, only to have my shield drag me back, alerting the Nadder, which sent me running back.

POV: Astrid Hofferson

I had managed to roll into the Nadder's blind spot, which confused it. I was about ready to strike when Snotlout appeared, shoving me behind him. "Don't worry, babe, I got this," he threw his hammer at the Dragon, but missed by a mile. I could've sworn that the dragon chuckled at him. \_'Like a human!' \_a previously dormant part of my mind chimed in, suddenly awakening. I shook it off and glared at Snotlout.

"The sun was in my eyes, Astrid!" Snotlout exclaimed. "What do you want me to do, block out the sun? I could do that, I just don't have time right now!"

Getting over its giggle fit, the Nadder tore after me, seeing that I was the prime target.

POV: Hiccup Haddock

"They probably take the daytime off. You know, like a cat?" I said to Gobber, finding my way back to him, all but oblivious to the rest of the class fleeing in terror. "Has anyone ever seen one napping?"

"Hiccup!" Gobber shouted, alerting me to the collapsing walls.

"HICCUP!" Astrid shouted in half warning and half surprise. She jumped from the wall in front of me, landing on top of me.

"Ooh, love on the battlefield!" Tuffnut teased, to whom it was directed I couldn't tell.

"She could do better," said Tuffnut.

Astrid untangled herself from me, seeing the Nadder charging at us, and tried to retrieve her axe, now embedded in my shield.

"Justâ€¦ Let meâ€¦ Why don't youâ€¦" I tried to help, but eventually she just ripped the shield off of my arm (Hel, she almost ripped my \_arm \_off.) and bashed the dragon in the face with it, splintering the shield. The dragon whimpered and dazedly walked back to its enclosure. "Good job, Astrid," said Gobber.

Astrid whipped around and faced me. For a moment I thought I saw an unfamiliar look in her eye: fear. Before I could analyze it thoroughly, her face hardened. "Is this some kind of a joke to you?" she asked, pointing her axe at me. The gratitude towards the boy with the axe was gone. "Our parents' war is about to become ours; figure out which side you're on."

\*\*Next chapter, we'll get to the good stuff. Prepare for a lot of POV changes. Peace off.\*\*

\*\*Late note(s)!\*\*

\*\* -I couldn't resist the reference to \_The Hunger Games\_ in that last paragraph. It was too good to pass up (The boy with the bread, the boy with the axe, ha ha). \*\*

## 10. Chapter 10

### Chapter 10

#### Forbidden Friendship

POV: Hiccup Haddock

When I arrived at the cove, it appeared empty. Had the Night Fury gone? No, it couldn't have: Its tail injury kept it from escaping. \_'It must be hiding,'\_ I decided. I found a way down to the ground and tossed the fish I had brought into the cove. Nothing. I moved forward with the shield, until I suddenly couldn't move. The shield had become lodged between two rocks, and any attempts to dislodge it only lodged it deeper. Sighing, I crawled under the shield, picking up the fish by the gills and looking around for the Night Fury. I didn't notice it crawl over the rock behind me until it snorted. It descended like a predatory cat, its pupils dilating, not sensing danger. I held out the fish, and it opened its mouth and began to advance.

Suddenly it stopped and began to growl. I realized the problem and pushed back my coat, revealing the dagger. It growled louder when I reached for it. Slowly reaching for it this time, I removed the dagger from my belt and dropped it on the ground. The Night Fury flicked its head, telling me to put distance between the dagger and myself. I picked it up with my foot and tossed it into the lake. Satisfied, the dragon suddenly sat down and twitched the plates on its head, excitedly looking from me to the fish. \_'Like a dog,'\_ I thought to myself. I tentatively held out the fish. The now docile dragon approached, opening a seemingly toothless mouth.

"Huh. Toothless," I muttered. "I could have sworn you hadâ€" " Suddenly, a set of razor sharp teeth popped out of its gums. It snapped up the fish, slicing it in half and swallowing it. "â€|teeth," I finished lamely.

Just then, the Night Fury looked at me with an expectant look and began to advance on me. "Uh, no. No," I said, tripping over a rock as I backed away. "I don't have any more." I was backed up against a rock for the second time. The toothless dragon's eyes rolled back.

HURK HURK HURK HURK SPLAT

The tail half of the fish landed on my lap. The dragon then sat back and stared at me. I sat, holding the fish, confused. The dragon looked down at the fish, then back at me. I looked at the fish too, and when I realized what I had to do, I gave an irritated sigh. Not about to refuse an offering from a dragon, I raised the fish to my mouth and took a bite. "Mmm," I said, trying to like it. The dragon tilted its head and raised its plates, looking pleased. "Mhmm," I said, holding the fish out. 'Toothless' feigned swallowing. \_'You've got to be kidding me!\_' I thought. I swallowed the fish, almost throwing up, but holding it in.



The dragon licked its lips. I smiled back at it. It squinted, confused, then did the most amazing, confusing, and ridiculous thing I had ever seen: he smiled back. \_'They sit like dogs and smile like people? Just how much do we know about these things?' \_I stood up, trying to touch it. His smile dissolved into a glare as he growled and glided to the opposite side of the cove, where he scorched a circle in a ground to sleep in. Before he put his head down, he noticed a small bird fly away. He watched it, almost enviously. As he did, I snuck up and sat down. Looking over at me, he put his tail in front of his head in an irritated fashion. Just the opportunity I needed. I reached over, and when my hand was barely an inch away, he lifted his tail. I shot up and walked away, trying to act like I hadn't done anything. 'Toothless' stormed off in the opposite direction.

POV: â€|.

I woke up, hanging upside-down from a branch, when I saw the human hatchling sitting a distance away on a rock, playing with a stick. \_"So it's still here," \_I said, \_"I might as well see what it's up to."\_ With that I lumbered over to the human.

POV: Hiccup Haddock

I was sketching the Night Fury in the dirt (I had left my notebook at home) when I felt the dragon walk up next to me. I tried to act like I didn't notice and continued to draw.

POV: â€|.

"\_Ah, so you're drawing me," \_I said, somewhat flattered. I followed the boy's curious patterns with my head when, suddenly, I got an idea.\_ "I should draw the boy!" \_I waddled off to find an appropriate tool.

POV: Hiccup Haddock

I felt Toothless (as I had taken to calling him) walk away. I turned to see what he was doing, but the crack of a tree threw my thoughts off. Toothless dragged the limb (in his mouth) back over and began to circle me. A swirl here, a dot there. In his excited spins and swirls he hit me in the back of the head. After a few moments he finished, looking over his work with a satisfiedâ€| nod?

I looked around at what looked like a child's scribbles, but must have looked like \_something \_to the dragon. I thought back to what I had been doing: I was sketching Toothless with a stick, he went off and got a tree and began tracing in the dirt. Was this supposed to be \_me\_?

I began to walk around when Toothless started to growl. I looked down and saw that I had stepped on one of his lines. I picked up my foot and he began to purr. I place my foot down one, two more times to test if this was the source of his anger. Each time he got louder and louder, and on the last time he was ready to pounce. Finally, I stepped over the line, smiling at him. I paid close attention to the ground so as not to step on any more lines and began a dizzying dance of sorts across the crisscrossing lines. Eventually I felt a warm breath down my neck. I turned around to see Toothless, not a foot

away from me. I reached out to touch him, and he growled again, but didn't flee. I suddenly realized what I had to do to and turned my head away, extending my hand.

POV: Hiccup.

"Does he trust me?" I said, widening my eyes in surprise. I moved my head forward a centimeter, and then hesitated. "I could kill him right now, if I wanted." Something inside of me told me not to, so I pressed my nose into his waiting palm.

POV: Hiccup Haddock

I looked up at the dragon, surprised. 'He could have killed me if he wanted,' I thought. Toothless pulled back, twitching his snout. Then his pupils became slits once again and he fled to another part of the cove.

I had found a dozen new questions: Why did he imitate me? Why did he touch me? How am I still alive? The answer I had sought, however, still remained unclear: What side am I on?

**\*\*Alright, Toothless is here! Now for some quick notes.\*\***

**\*\*Sorry about all of the POV changes, but Toothless's POV was essential in this scene, as well as Hiccup's. Sorry, I won't be doing that again.\*\***

**\*\*On the topic of POV: Did you like Toothless's POV? I hope you did, because I'll be leaving his POV out for the rest of the story (probably). Don't worry, I'll make a companion told exclusively by Toothless after I finish this.\*\***

**\*\*I can't help but feel that I'm lacking something in this scene. Please review this chapter and tell me what it needs. This is an ongoing project, after all.**  
**><strong>**

## 11. Chapter 11

**\*\*Alright, I'm back from my brief period of being AWOL! Now, let's get back to what we were doing, shall we?\*\***

### Chapter 11

#### A New Tail

"And with one twist, he took my hand and swallowed it whole!" said Gobber, telling us a story atop one of the guard towers while we ate our dinner. Most of the class was eating lamb or chicken, but I was roasting a fish on a stick, which was something I thought I wouldn't touch in a thousand years after my third encounter with the dragon that I called Toothless.

"And I saw the look on his face," Gobber continued, everyone absorbed in the story but me. "I was delicious! He must have passed the word, too, because it wasn't a month before another one took my leg!" The class gave an impressed gasp, other than Astrid, who seemed to be immersed in thoughts of her own. Probably devising a strategy for

tomorrow's training.

"Isn't it weird to think that your hand was inside a dragon?" Fishlegs asked. "Like if you still had control over it you could have killed it by crushing his heart or something." Astrid, who had been sitting next to Fishlegs, looked at him like he was crazy.

"I swear I'm so angry right now!" Snotlout growled, trying to sound tough, but coming off more like a moderately irritated Terror. "I'll avenge your beautiful hand \_and \_your beautiful foot! I'll chop off the legs of every dragon I see!" he promised Gobber. "With my face!" he added, making a fool out of himself.

"Mmm, mmm, mmm, no," said Gobber, finishing some chicken he had in his mouth (he had a whole one on his skewer attachment). "It's the wings and the tail you really want! If it can't fly, it can't get away. A downed dragon is a dead dragon." This sent my mind flying. \_'Tailsâ€¦ Downed dragonâ€¦ deadâ€¦'\_ my mind struggled to make a connection. \_'Toothless!'\_ I realized. \_'He can't fly because of what I did to him. If someone stumbles across him, he'll be as good as dead.'\_ I had an idea come to me, so I got up and silently crept away.

POV: Astrid Hofferson

With his last comment, Gobber stood up and yawned. "Well, I'm off to bed," he told us. "You should be, too. Tomorrow we get to the big boys. Slowly, but surely making our way to the Monstrous Nightmare. But who'll win the honor of killing it?" With that he hobbled off, leaving us to go to bed at our leisure.

"It's gonna be me!" said Tuffnut. "It's my destiny, see?" He rolled up his shirt, but what it revealed I didn't see, nor did I care, Just then I had noticed something: Where Hiccup had just been there was nothing but a smoking, untouched fish.

"You're mom let you get a tattoo?" Fishlegs asked excitedly.

"It's not a tattoo, it's a birthmark," Tuffnut said as I stood up to investigate Hiccup's sudden departure.

I looked down the walkway and saw Hiccup quickly but quietly moving down the watch tower. I dismissed this as him leaving to go to bed and returned to the others.

"Uh, I've been stuck with you since birth, and that's never been there," Ruffnut told her brother.

"Yes it was," argued Tuffnut. "You've just never seen me from the left side before, that's all!"

"It wasn't there yesterday," Snotlout pointed out. "Is it a birthmark or a today-mark?"

I paid little mind to this, instead pondering the events of that day, especially the presence that awoke in my head.

POV: Hiccup Haddock

I crept into Gobber's stall without incident. I went over to my desk

and pulled out my drawing of Toothless, this time adding the tail that I had erased. I worked throughout the night, furiously making rods, disassembling broken weapons, creating moveable joints, and cutting leather. I finished early in the morning. Early enough to test my new invention.

HtTYD

I arrived at the cove about an hour later, hefting a large sack of fish and my invention. "Hey, Toothless," I called out seeing the dragon in front of me and alerting him to my presence. "I brought breakfast!" I grunted, setting the sack down and kicking it over. "I hope you're hungry." The contents of the basket spilled out, allowing the stench of dead fish to fill the air. "Okay, that's disgusting," I said as Toothless approached, sniffing.

"Okay, we've got some salmon, some Icelandic co, and a whole smoked eel," at the mention (and probably the scent) of the eel, Toothless backed away, growling. I picked up the eel, assuring that this was the source of the problem. It was, and Toothless backed away further, giving it a horrified and disgusted growl.

"No, no, no! It's okay!" I said, tossing away the eel. "Yeah, I don't really like eel much, either." Toothless came back and began to eat his fish.

"That's it. That's it, I said, creeping around him towards his tail. "And don't mind meâ€¦ I'll just be back hereâ€¦ Minding my own businessâ€¦" I edged around to his tail, undoing the straps fastened around my new invention: a prosthetic left tail fin. I sat down and slid the new tail fin over to his real tail. His tail slid away. I slid the fin further and again, the actual tail moved. "It's okay!" I said to him placing my hands down to keep his tail from moving. When this didn't work, I straddled his tail and began to secure the fin onto it. "Eh, not too bad. It works," it works, I muttered. Behind me, however, I didn't notice that Toothless had stopped eating and spread his wingsâ€¦

Moments later I found the ground shooting from under me. I managed to grab the only secure thing within my reach: Toothless's tail. "Woah! No, no, no!" I screamed, holding on to the tail for dear life. I noticed the ground beginning to get closer, and then the prosthetic flapping uselessly in the air. I took hold of the device and spread it out. Sure enough, we began to climb into the air. "Oh my Go- It's working!" I yelled in excitement and I extended the fin further, banking us back to the cove.

As we were flying past the cove, Toothless must have noticed me, because he flicked me off of his tail, sending me into the lake. He followed suit moments later, unable to stay airborne. The test had worked, but it required the aid of a human to allow Toothless to stay in the air for more than a few seconds. "Yeah!" I yelled in excitement and satisfaction.

\*\*No notes today. Tune in next time to learn [REDACTED: SEE NEXT CHAPTER TITLE FOR DETAILS]\*\*

**\*\*Montage time! Prepare for a lot of paragraph transitions!\*\***

## Chapter 12

### How to Train Your Dragon

"Today is about teamwork," said Gobber as he opened the doors to the Zippleback's enclosure, allowing a green gas to fill the arena. "Work together, and you might survive," he continued, backing up to a safe distance. "Now, a wet dragon head can't light its fire. The Zippleback is extra tricky: One head \_breathes \_gas, the other head \_lights \_it. Your job is to know which is which."

I had been teamed up with Fishlegs. Snotlout with Tuffnut. Astrid and Ruffnut in another pair. As we all moved about, the groups lost sight of each other in the gas.

"Razor-sharp, serrated teeth that inject venom for pre-digestion. Prefers ambush attack, crushing its victims in itsâ€¦" Fishlegs muttered.

"Will you please stop that?" I snapped tensely. From across the ring I could hear the other recruits speaking: "If that dragon shows either of its faces," I heard Snotlout saying, I'm going to- THERE!" I hears a splash, and Astrid's surprised cry told me what they had hit.

"It's us, idiots," Ruffnut said, irritated.

"Your butts are getting bigger," Tuffnut said, trying to annoy his sister. "We thought you were a dragon."

"Not that there's anything wrong with a dragon-esque figure," chimed Snotlout, trying to retain any points he thought he had with Astrid. From what I could tell, Tuffnut got a bucket to the face while Snotlout got a punch to the face from Astrid. Then, I hear the sound of someone being dragged, and then Tuffnut's terrified screams. "Wait!" Astrid whispered to Ruffnut. Bad idea, since I heard both of them be tripped and Astrid's bucket spill.

Tuffnut ran out of the mist, scrambling over Astrid and Ruff screaming, "Oh, I am hurt! I am very much hurt!" The fog had begun to clear, giving us a better view of the situation. "Chances of survival are dwindling into single digits nowâ€¦" Fishlegs squeaked. Suddenly, a head of the Zippleback snaked out of the mist. Whimpering, Fishlegs emptied his bucket onto it, only to be answered by a stream of green gas. "Ohâ€¦ heh hehâ€¦ Wrong head," he said weakly, and then ran away, screaming his lungs out.

I heard a clicking noise. The other head materialized out of the mist, creating sparks. "Now, Hiccup!" Gobber shouted. I threw the water out of my bucketâ€¦ only to have it fall a meter short of its mark. "Oh, come on!" I groaned. \_'Can't something go right?'\_

"Hiccup!" Gobber yelled, trying to warn me away, but what happened next surprised everyone.

The dragon began to back away, obviously terrified. That, \_or it was

disgusted\_. \_'The eel!'\_ I remembered. I hadn't had a chance to dispose of it, so I had instead tucked it in my vest. "Back! Back!" I yelled at the dragon, acting like it was scared of me. "BACK! Now don't make me tell you again!" The Zippleback backed into its enclosure without a fight. "Now think about what you've done," I said, pulling out the eel and tossing it into the cage, making the dragon back up against the wall.

I closed the doors to the cage and turned around to see everyone staring at me, gaping. Fishlegs dropped his bucket. "Okay! Are we done here?" I asked. "Because I have some things that I need toâ€¦" I got no response. "Yep, see you tomorrow." I ran out of the ring, leaving the rest of the class to stare in awe.

HtTYD

I spent the remainder of the day and night cutting and stitching leather, making a saddle for Toothless. If I was going to ride that dragon, I couldn't cling to the tail the whole time.

HtTYD

When I tried to put the saddle on Toothless, he began to run around the cove, forcing me to chase him for a good while. I did eventually manage to get the saddle on, as well as tie a rope to the tail fin.

HtTYD

The first attempt on the saddle didn't go very well. My attempt to turn threw me off of the saddle, causing me to fall in the lake. I fixed this by adding two metal hooks, along with a leather belt with two ropes with metal loops attached to allow me to stay on top of the dragon.

HtTYD

I had tied the rope to my foot to allow for better steering. This worked better than holding it, but it still wasn't a permanent solution. One morning I had taken Toothless out for a test run and was unable to steer quickly enough, forcing us to crash into an open field. Upon making my way back to Toothless, I found him rolling in the grass, in a state of complete bliss. I took a handful of the stuff and put it in my pocket.

HtTYD

In dragon training, we were pit against the Gronckle again. As it flew towards me, I extended a hand holding the tuft of grass and waited to see if it worked. Sure enough, the Gronckle caught a whiff of the grass and fell over, focused only on the grass on its nose.

HtTYD

As I walked away from the ring I was surrounded and bombarded with questions by the other recruits, excepting Astrid. Eager to get back to Toothless, I invented an excuse. "I left my axe back in the ring," I told them, turning around, seemingly headed back to the ring. "You guys go on ahead. I'll catch up with you!" I assured them, and ran

off, leaving them to stare (or in Astrid's case, glare) in my direction.

HtTYD

After removing the saddle, I began to scratch Toothless in that general area. Upon reaching a spot under his neck, he went out cold.

HtTYD

We were pitted against the Nadder once more (without the walls this time). Astrid attempted to throw her axe, but it was blocked by the row of horns on the back of its head. Running to get it, she left me in the creature's blind spot. Seeing her charge back with the axe, I began to scratch the Nadder, searching for the soft spot. I must have found it, because it went out as well, Leaving Astrid in a ridiculous stance with her axe above her head and a comical expression of surprise on her face.

HtTYD

I quickly became the talk of the village. At every meal I would be swarmed and bombarded with questions by what Gobber called my 'new fans'. I began to enjoy spending time with Toothless more.

HtTYD

Having brought my tools to the cove to work, I used my hammer to reflect light on to the ground, which toothless chased, desperately trying to catch.

HtTYD

"Meet the Terrible Terror," Gobber said, opening another door in the ring. Instead of the entire thing opening, a small flap opened, revealing a tiny dragon. "Ha!" laughed Tuffnut. "It's about the size of myâ€|" He was cut short by the Terror clamping onto his nose, pulling on it with all its might. I used my shield to draw the small dragon away, allowing Tuffnut to roll away screaming in pain ("Oh, I am hurt! I am very much hurt!"). I eventually managed to draw it back into its cage.

"Wow, he's better than you ever were," said Tuffnut to Astrid, rubbing his nose.

POV: Astrid Hofferson

'\_He's besting me in the ring!\_' I thought, tossing my axe into a tree. '\_Hiccup, the weakest boy in Berk is besting me in the ring!\_'

Venting my frustrations, I imagined each tree was Hiccup. I was about to throw my axe into another one of them when I realized that it \_was\_ Hiccup. In place of his normal fur vest, he was wearing an odd harness, and carrying an oddment of leather and metal. I attempted to follow him, but lost him in the underbrush.

POV: Hiccup Haddock

I fastened the newly designed saddle (with a foot pedal for steering) onto Toothless while he was eating from another basket of fish (I had found that this was much easier than chasing him.) I then led him to a stump where it tied him down just enough to keep us from raising more than a few feet. I tested several positions on the fin and wrote down the effect on my 'cheat sheet'. One position caused the rope to snap and make us fly back and crash. Upon inspecting the saddle, I realized that one of the hooks had bent onto the loop, making it impossible for me to leave Toothless. "Oh, great," I moaned, and led him towards the village.

HtTYD

We entered the village under the cover of night. The night guard greeted me as he passed and I smiled and waved back. When the coast was clear, I led Toothless into Gobber's stall. Toothless must have knocked something over, because there was a great clamor of noise. As I finished prying the hook open, I heard a voice from outside. "Hiccup?" \_'Oh, Thor, not again!' \_I thought. Astrid was outside and I burst through the window to avoid her discovering Toothless. "Astrid! Hey! Hi, Astrid! Hi, Astrid! Hi, Astrid!" I said, attempting to stall.

"I normally don't care what people do, but you're acting weird," she said. Just then Toothless tugged on the rope, pulling me back. "Wellâ€¦ weirder," she corrected herself.

Toothless pulled back again, raising me against the window, and then through it. Astrid burst through moments later, but only found an empty stall. Toothless and I slipped away unnoticed.

\*\*Okay, done with the montage. Now let's review that montage, shall we?\*\*

## 13. Chapter 13

### Chapter 13

#### Test Drive

#### POV: Stoick the Vast

It was over. We were beaten. We had managed to limp back to the village with one crippled ship, dangerously overloaded with men. \_'Thank Freya that nobody was killed,'\_ I thought as we drew into port. "Where are the other ships?" somebody on the docks asked.

"You don't want to know," said Spitelout as I pulled myself onto the dock. Walking through the crowd, I noticed Gobber moving toward me. "Well I trust that you found the nest, at least?" he said, reaching me.

"Not even close!" I said, frustrated. I continued walking. "I hope you had a little more success than me."

"Well, if by success you mean that your parenting troubles are over with thenâ€¦ yes," he replied. This made me stop and turn around in surprise. This wasn't the end of it.



"Congratulations, Stoick! Everyone is so relieved," said a Viking as she passed.

"Out with the old and in with the new, right?" said another as he passed.

"No one will miss that old nuisance!"

"The whole village is throwin' a party to celebrate!"

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. "He'sâ€¦ gone?" I asked Gobber.

"Erâ€¦ yeah," Gobber said, considering his answer carefully. "Most afternoons. But who can blame him? I mean, the life of a celebrity is very rough; he can hardly walk through the village without being swarmed by his new fans."

"Hiccup?"

"Who woulda thought it, eh? He has thisâ€¦ way with the beasts!"

POV: Hiccup Haddock

Toothless and I had finally left the stump. Now we were out for our first extended flight. We had just taken off from the cove (Which wasn't very far inland, only about two hundred feet was between it and the ocean) and were soaring over the ocean, headed towards my target: a sea stack with an arch through it. "Alright, bud," I told Toothless. "Let's take this nice and slow."

I checked my cheat sheet, which was fastened on by a metal clip on the saddle. "Okay, here we go," I muttered. "Position threeâ€¦ no, four."

I adjusted the tail fin accordingly, sending us into a controlled dive. When we were feet from the water, I put the tail back into the 'straight' position. I looked back, checking to see that the tail was in the appropriate position.

"Alright, it's go time, it's go time."

I adjusted the fin, giving us slightly more speed. Toothless's wing dipped into the water, slightly spraying me with it. "Come on! Come on, buddy! Come on!" I yelled as we approached the sea stack. We passed under without incident, scaring a flock of gulls nesting above us.

"Yeah! Yes, it worked!" I said excitedly, looking back at the pillar of rock.

In my distraction, we hit a pillar of rock jutting out of the water.

"Sorry!"

We approached another one. I tried to pull out of it, but slammed into it anyway.

"My fault!" I apologized. Toothless smacked me in the face with one of his extended plates, as if to say, \_"Straight means straight!"\_

"Yeah, yeah, I'm on it!" I snapped. Then, checking the cheat sheet, "Position fourâ€¦ no, three."

I adjusted the tail, sending us up into the clouds. Toothless even opened his mouth and let his tongue flap about for good measure. "Yeah! Go baby!" I shouted. "Oh, this is amazing! The wind in myâ€¦" The cheat sheet slipped out of its clip. "CHEAT SHEET! STOP!" Toothless obliged, but by momentum kept me moving forwards, out of the hooks keeping me on Toothless.

"No!" I yelled. Toothless screamed as well, unable to stay airborne due to the lack of control over his tail. We both began a free fall. "Oh, Gods! Oh, no!" I noticed Toothless was twisting in midair, trying to get back under me.

"Alright, okay! You've gotta try and angle yourself!" I called out, but his spinning and twisting threw him farther away. "No, no!" I called. Come back down towards me! Come back downâ€¦" Toothless obliged, but I got smacked in the face with his tail as he regained control.

Passing the peak of Berk, I tried to get a hold on the saddle. I found purchase on one of the loops encircling one of Toothless's forelegs. I swung myself back onto the saddle, cheat sheet in my mouth, and hooked myself back in. I managed to pull up just in time, only just missing the treetops, but we were now approaching a maze of rocks shrouded in mist. I heard Toothless scream out of fear.

I glanced back at the cheat sheet and back at the rocks, my face hardening with resolve. \_"It's now or never," \_I thought, and tossed the cheat sheet away.

We entered the rocks, but this time we acted as one being leaning into each turn. I could have sworn I hear Toothless walking me through it: \_"Now the right! Left! Twist! Now bank left!" \_We exited the death-ridden maze completely unscathed. I was curious about the foreign voice in my head, but was more relieved that I was still alive.

"YEAHHH!" I shouted, throwing my arms into the air. Toothless was in a celebratory mood, as well, since he spat a fireball that exploded a few meters away. "Oh, come on!" I groaned as we flew through the fire.

\*\*Oh, teh epicness! I've got no notes, so let's review this chapter, why don't we?\*\*

## 14. Chapter 14

### Chapter 14

#### Not So Fireproof

POV: Hiccup Haddock

The good news: We had managed to catch enough fish to have a good sized dinner on a flat, rocky beach. The bad news: I was singed all over. That, and Toothless regurgitated another half of a fish for me. "Uh, no thanks. I'm good," I said, gesturing to my own fish on a stick, cooking over a fire.

Suddenly, a flock of three or four Terrible Terrors came down, looking to steal what food they could. One snatched the fish head that Toothless had regurgitated. Another tried to steal it from the other. This resulted in an amusing face-off which ended with one launching a jet of fire at the other.

While this was happening, a fish popped up from the pile and began to move away. Toothless watched with a confused expression until it was revealed that a Terror was behind it. Toothless caught hold of the fish with his mouth, resulting in a brief tug-of-war with the Terror, which Toothless won. Swallowing the fish, Toothless did an odd throaty sound that sounded similar to a chuckle.

Offended, the Terror puffed itself up, attempting to look threatening. I hear the hiss that signaled a fireball, but just before the Terror spat it out, Toothless spat a small fireball of his own into the Terror's mouth, causing it to inflate with heat and then immediately deflate. Toothless watched it walk dazedly away with an amused grin.

I laughed at this spectacle. "Not so fireproof on the inside, are you?" I chuckled. I threw it a fish. "Here you go." The cat-sized dragon took the fish and swallowed it whole, quite the feat for such a small dragon. Then the dragon did something I would never had predicted: It walked up to me and curled up next to me.

"Everything we know about you guysâ€¦ \_is wrong!\_" I realized out loud.

HtTYD

I sat at my desk in Gobber's stall, fiddling with my pencil. I had come to draw some modifications for Toothless's saddle, but my thoughts had distracted me. \_'We're fighting a war that we don't need to be fighting, with a race that doesn't even want to kill us. Also, \_what side am I on in all of this?\_'\_ Astrid's comment still burned inside of my brain. Distracted, I didn't notice my dad come in until he made a noisy entry into the room.

"Dad!" I said, jumping up in surprise. "You're back!" I raced to cover the drawing of Toothless, which were strewn all over my desk. "Uh, Gobber's not here, soâ€¦"

"I know," he said sternly. "I came looking for you."

"You- you did?"

"You've been keeping secrets."

"I- I- I have" I said weakly. \_'Had he discovered me and Toothless somehow?\_'\_

"Just how long did you think you could hide it from me?" he asked

sternly.

"I- I don't know" I began.

"\_NOTHING\_ happens on this island without me hearing about it."

"Oh?" I was getting more and more scared by the second.

"So" Let's talk about that dragon."

All color drained from my face. \_He knew.\_ "Oh, Gods. Dad, I'm so sorry! I was going to tell you, I just didn't know how to" Suddenly, Stoick began laughing, and I don't mean just chuckling, I mean full-blown laughter, like I had just said the funniest thing in the world.

"You- You're not upset?" I asked, thinking that he had gone mad.

"What? I was hoping for this!" he said, and continued to laugh.

"Uh" You were?" I was confused beyond belief. Why did he want me to befriend a dragon?

"And believe me, it only gets better! Just wait until you spill a Nadder's guts for the first time! And mount your first Gronckle head on a spear! What a feeling! You really had me going there, son!" He smacked me on the shoulder, sending me into the wall.

'\_Of course. Dragon training. I should have known.'\_

"All those years of the worst Viking Berk has ever seen!" he continued, happier than I had seen since, well" ever. "Odin, it was rough. I almost gave up on you!" I grimaced at the irony of it all. "And all the while you were holding out on me! Oh, Thor almighty!" He pulled up a stool and sat down. "With you doing so well in the ring, we finally have something to talk about."

We stood in what felt like that most awkward time of my life (although that was taken by my conversation with Astrid in the stall). I opened my mouth, trying to tell Stoick about Toothless, but thought better of it.

"Oh" Stoick said, disappointed. "I- I brought you something. To keep you safe in the ring." He held up a horned helmet and handed it to me.

"Wow" I said, at a loss for words. "Thanks." I put my hand on the helmet, feeling the cold steel.

"Your mother would have wanted you to have it," said Stoick. "It's half of her breastplate," he added.

I took my hand off of the helmet. My conversation with Astrid suddenly seemed a lot less awkward.

"Matching set," said Stoick, tapping his own helmet. "Keeps her close, y'know? Wear it proudly. You deserve it. You've held up your

end of the deal."

This last comment brought all of the guilt festering inside me to the surface. My mind, racing for an excuse, picked the first option. "I should really get to bed," I said, faking a yawn.

"Er, yes! Good! Okay! Good talk! See you back at the house!" Stoick said, getting up to leave.

"Thanks for stopping by! And for theâ€¦ Uhâ€¦ breast-hat," I said, coughing the last part.

"The hat," corrected Stoick. "Wellâ€¦ erâ€¦ good night." With that he squeezed through the door, knocking over several objects in the stall and leaving me to my even further confused thoughts.

**\*\*My Deus Ex Machina senses are tingling... No notes! Now review this!\*\***

## 15. Chapter 15

**\*\*Sorry for the delay in the update. I just got back from PAX Prime. Anywho, here's another chapter of a story we've all seen.\*\***

### Chapter 15

#### Astrid Goes for a Spin

POV: Hiccup Haddock

The exam to determine who would kill the Nightmare was the next afternoon. We were facing the Gronckle again, and through Gobber's process of elimination, it was down to me and Astrid. To make matters worse, the entire village had come to watch. I decided to play it safe and make it look like I was doing something, but in reality I was just moving behind barriers from time to time.

I noticed Astrid roll behind the barrier that I was currently behind. "Stay out of my way!" she said, glaring at me. "I'm winning this thing!" With that she rolled towards a barrier closer to the dragon. "Please," I said, perhaps a little too eagerly. "By all means!"

I stood up and looked around the ring. I saw Stoick, watching me with expectant pride. I feigned a smile, and then sighed. There was no getting out of this.

POV: Astrid Hofferson

I rolled behind another barrier, avoiding being spotted by the Gronckle. "This time!" I said to myself. "This time for sure!" I leapt over the barrier, screaming a battle cry. Then I saw the Gronckle, out cold with Hiccup standing next to it. "No!" I screamed, unable to come to terms that Hiccup had beaten me. I flew into a rage, swinging my axe blindly. "SON OF A HALF-TROLL, RAT EATING, MUNCH BUCKET!"

POV: Hiccup Haddock

"Soâ€¦ later!" I said, attempting to leave. Gobber yanked me back

with his hook appendage.

"Not so fast," he said, pulling me back in place.

"I'm kinda late forâ€"

"What?" Astrid jumped in, a psychotic anger in her eyes. "Late for what, exactly?"

"Alright, quiet down!" Stoick boomed from above. "The elder had decided."

Gobber held his hook over Astrid. Much to the surprise of everyone, the elder shook her head. Gobber pointed to me with his real hand a questionable look on his face. The elder pointed at me and nodded. I winced. The crowd erupted in cheers. "Oh, ye've done it!" Gobber said excitedly. "Ye get to kill the dragon!"

I risked a glance at Astrid. In return, I got a glare that would have killed a Monstrous Nightmare with a glance.

The rest of the class hoisted me up. "That's my boy!" Stoick shouted proudly. I had to attempt to show some enthusiasm. "Oh yeah!" I said. "Yes! I can't wait! I am \_so\_â€|"

HtTYD

"Leaving!" I said later at the cove.

POV: Astrid Hofferson

"We're leaving!" Hiccup said to an unseen person as I entered his hiding place: a small cove with a lake. "Let's pack up! Looks like you and me are taking a little vacationâ€| forever." What? He was going to leave after being granted the greatest honor Berk had to offer? Fine by me, but I was still going to get some answers from him.

I hopped on a large rock, grabbing a smaller rock, and began to sharpen my axe.

POV: Hiccup Haddock

'\_What?\_' I stood up, surprised by the sharp noise, and jumped back when I saw the last person I wanted to see, least of all here. It was Astrid. "What theâ€"! What are you doing here?" I said, my mind racing to figure out a way to get her away from the cove.

"I want to know what's going on," she said with an eerily calm manner. "No one just \_gets \_as good as you do. \_Especially \_you! Start talking! Are you training with someone?"

"Umâ€| training?" I asked weakly.

"It better not involve this!" she continued, grabbing my harness.

"I know this looks really bad, but you seeâ€| this isâ€| umâ€""  
CRACK! The break of a tree on the other end of the cove cut me off. Astrid pushed me back, going to investigate.

"You're right! You're right!" I said, catching up with her. "I'm through with the lies. I've been makingâ€¦ \_outfits\_! So... you got me. Drag me back." I put her hand on my harness, trying to get her to drag me away. "It's time everyone knewâ€¦" AAGHH, why would you do that!" Astrid has twisted my arm around, forcing me down.

"That's for the lies! And that'sâ€¦" She bounced the butt of her axe off of my belly. "â€¦for everything else!" she growled, only to be answered by another growl. "Oh, manâ€¦" I groaned. Toothless had spotted her, and she had spotted Toothless.

"Get down!" she screamed pointlessly, as I was already on my back. "Run! Run!" She pulled out her axe, ready to killâ€¦ "No!" I screamed, pouncing on top of her and knocking her axe away. I then turned and stopped Toothless from killing her.

"No! It's okay! It's okay! She's a friend." Toothless stopped short, retaining an angry expression. Astrid stared at me and Toothless bewildered. "You just scared him, that's all." I explained.

"\_I \_scared \_him\_" she said, unable to believe what she was seeing. "Whoâ€¦ is him?"

I straightened myself up. "Astrid, Toothless." I explained to her. Then, in a lower tone towards Toothless, "Toothless, Astrid." Toothless hissed angrily.

Astrid shook her head in disapproval, and ran towards the village.

"Dat-da-dah, were dead!" I moaned, and then turned to Toothless. He was storming in the opposite direction. "Where do you think you're going?"

POV: Astrid Hofferson

'\_Hiccup did not just introduce me to a Night Fury!' \_I thought to myself as I made a bee-line towards the village. Stoick had to know about this. I hopped over a log, but found myself going up and up and up. \_'Hiccup's just grabbed me with his Night Fury, hasn't he?' \_I thought, and proceeded to scream my lungs out. "Oh, great Odin's ghost! This is it!"

We flew towards a tree, which I was unceremoniously dropped onto. I managed to catch onto a limb, and was about to climb down when Hiccup landed on the same tree, forcing the tree to bend and barring my escape.

"Hiccup!" I shouted. "Get me down from here!"

"You have to give me a chance to explain!" he replied, trying to make me see his way. I would have none of that.

"I am not listening to \_anything\_ you have to say!"

"Then I won't speak. Just let me show you. Please, Astrid."

Hiccup extended his hand. I looked to him and his Night Fury, and then to the ground. Seeing no other way, I hefted myself onto the branch.

I tried to use the dragon's body for support, but I was answered with a growl when I did, so I grabbed onto the saddle. Seeing Hiccup's extended hand, I swatted it away. \_'I can do this myself, thank you,' \_I thought. I managed to lift myself onto the saddle well enough. "Now get me down" I said, eager to get off of this thing as soon as possible.

"Toothless? Down. Gently," said Hiccup. \_'Why does he call that dragon "Toothless" of all things? '\_

The dragon slowly extended its wings, letting the wind catch them. "See? Nothing to be afraid of," Hiccup assured me. What neither of us noticed, however, was the dragon's annoyed smirk.

Suddenly, the dragon shot upwards at an alarming rate.

**\*\*Notes! Why? Cause it's been awhile.\*\***

**\*\*This chapter, oddly enough, did not actually feature the segment of the movie that it's named for (well, it had a little bit of it). This is so I could call the next segment by it's proper name.\*\***

**\*\*My name is Inigo Mantoya. You killed my father. Prepare to review.\*\***

## 16. Chapter 16

**\*\*Expect less frequent updates. Real blunt, I know.\*\***

### Chapter 16

#### The Romantic Flight

POV: Astrid Hofferson

Up, up, up we went at a terrifying speed. I think I was screaming the entire time. Unable to find a handhold, I latched onto the only stable thing at hand, in this case, Hiccup.

"Toothless! What is wrong with you?" Hiccup yelled at his dragon. "He's not usually like this," he assured me. The dragon began to roll towards the water. "Oh, no!"

The dragon began flying through waves, soaking us both. "Toothless, what are you doing? We need her to like us!" yelled Hiccup between waves. The dragon gave up on soaking us, only to shoot into the air, spinning at a terrifying speed. "And now he's spinning," Hiccup announced. "Thank you for nothing, you useless reptile."

The dragon gave up on flying and went into freefall. That's when I broke. "Okay! I'm sorry! I'm sorry! Just get me off of this thing," I pleaded desperation and fear creeping into my voice. As if it were waiting for my apology, the dragon suddenly stopped its downward motion, turning it into a gentle glide. The sudden stop caused me to cry out in surprise, but when I opened my eyes, I saw something that pushed all thoughts of throttling Hiccup out of my mind.

It was sunset, and we were just under the clouds. They were so close;



I could just reach out and touch them. So I did just that. I was surprised by what I felt: Instead of being warm and soft like the sheep in the village, they were cold and wet, but not so much as the ocean. They felt more like small drops of water. \_'But in the sky?' \_I thought. \_'This explains rain, but how does it get up there?'

I extended my other arm, unable to contain my curiosity and wonder. Toothless slowly arced upwards. We now had clouds above and below us. It was delightfully disorienting.

We flew for what felt like hours, eventually surfacing over the clouds, revealing a starry night sky. Suddenly, lights of green and blue danced across the sky. It was like a dream. I felt an unfamiliar emotion creeping up onto me. What was it? Joy? Ecstasy? Happiness? I couldn't place it. We then Flew past the curtain of clouds to reveal a familiar, yet beautifully alien sight. It was Berk, but from so high up, it looked like a small collection of lights on a green rock in the ocean. It was beautiful.

The emotion got stronger. I began to feel a strange pull towards Hiccup. Unable to resist it any longer, I wrapped my arms around his waist and buried my chin into his shoulder.

POV: Hiccup Haddock

Was sheâ€| hugging me? Was Astrid Hofferson, the girl who was ready to kill me earlier, the girl who had been the object of my affections for years, \_hugging \_me? I could not contain my joy, and a smile spread across my face.

"Alright, I admit it: This is pretty cool," Astrid said. "It'sâ€| amazing!" She patted Toothless. "He's amazing."

**\*\*And here we have it! The shortest chapter yet! Do-do-do-do-do-do-do review!\*\***

## 17. Chapter 17

**\*\*"Sam."\*\***

**\*\*"Long time."\*\***

**\*\*"You have no idea." - Tron: Legacy\*\***

**\*\*\*hides behind quote\* Please, I didn't mean to delay posting! Mass Effect is just such a good game!\*\***

## Chapter 17

Dragon's Den

POV: Hiccup Haddock

"Soâ€| what now?" Astrid asked a few moments later. I Silently groaned and bowed my head. Yet another question that I couldn't answer. \_'What side am I on? How do I get out of killing the Nightmare?'

"Hiccup, your final exam is tomorrow!" Astrid pointed out, seeing me

attempt to avoid the question. "You know you're going to have to kill aâ€" She lowered her voice so that Toothless wouldn't hear, "Kill a dragon."

"Don't remind me," I muttered. Suddenly, Toothless dove straight into a fog bank, erasing all though of the conversation from our minds. "Toothless! What's happening? What is it?" Toothless gave an irritated bark. \_'Quiet!\_' snapped a voice in my head, which had a presence that filled my head and the left just as quickly.

Suddenly, out of the fog, a Monstrous Nightmare erupted; carrying what looked like a large fish. "Get down!" I whispered to Astrid, getting as low on the saddle as possible. Astrid followed suit, which under normal circumstances I would be near ecstatic, but not now.

"What's going on?" Astrid asked, genuine fear in her voice.

"I don't know," I replied. I saw ten, twenty, hundreds of dragons encircle us. "Toothless. You've got to get us out of here, bud!" He simply shook his head and hissed. \_'At this point, it's best if we just follow themâ€| unless you want to explain to the other humans why you're burnt and missing a few limbs,' \_replied the voice with a dry tone, which I only then realized belonged to Toothless.

I then noticed the dragons were carrying all assortments of dead animals, from cattle to sheep. One even had a strange, exotic looking animal. \_Hippopotamus\_ was the only word that came to mind while looking at this creature. "Itâ€| looks like they're hauling in their kill," I concluded.

"What does that make us?" Astrid asked nervously.

At that moment, the group of dragons synchronously banked lower into the fog. There were enormous rock formations jutting out of the sea, reminding me of the death-ridden area that toothless and I had gone through at high speed.

We continued onwards, all of the dragons turning at the same time, weaving through the rocky maze. What appeared out of the fog was something that I had never thought possible: A mountain with rivers of liquid fire running down the slopes, and the swarm was headed straight towards it. The dragons formed into a thinner formation, diving into a now apparent opening in the mountain.

The speed of the passing rock made both Astrid and myself to cry out in surprise. I felt Astrid wrap her arms around me again. We came out in an enormous cavern with hundreds of rocky shelves. There was also an ominous red glow emanating from far below, which I could only fathom as more fire. Then, it hit me. We weren't at a den; we were in the dragons' nest, the place that my father had so restlessly searched for. "What my dad wouldn't give to find this," I muttered. Astrid, from what I could tell, was hiding behind me, peering out with one eye.

Toothless pulled out from the flock, landing on a shadowy ledge, camouflaging us. I took a look back at the ongoing procession of dragons. They seemed to be dropping all of their food; straight down into the glowing red pit. "It's nice to know that all of our food had been dropped down a hole," I said, confused at this sight.

"They're not eating any of it," said Astrid, equally confused.

The last dragon, a Gronckle, flew down. After dropping its own contribution to the pit, a tiny fish, it hovered for a moment and scratched behind its head. As it began to float away, it disappearedâ€¦ Into the gaping maw of an enormous dragon. "Whatâ€¦ is that?" asked Astrid, terrified. The titanic dragon began to sniff, and then I realized something: The smell of humans and dragons were probably very distinct.

"Alright, buddy, we've gotta get out of here. Now!" I said to Toothless. \_'Gladly,' \_his voice replied. He shot up, just avoiding the dragon's jaws. The rest of the dragon's followed suit. The behemoth took another snap, only to catch an unfortunate Zippleback. We raced up and out of the mountain, and away from the Red Death.

**\*\*ElectRONic notes!\*\***

**\*\***-Right. About this whole Toothless talking to Hiccup... It's not going to be a constant thing, but I'm probably never going to explain why sometimes Toothless can use thought-speech and other times he can't, so I'll just give it to you now: In times of extreme stress (i.e. End of Test Drive, this chapter, perhaps the Kill Ring and the climactic battle) Toothless can telepathically speak to Hiccup.  
**\*\***

**\*\***-Please note that the above is not neccesarily canon. I just though, \_'Wouldn't it be cool if...' \_You get the picture.**\*\***

**\*\***-Yes, I did make a \_Madagascar \_reference. It was in the film, and also pointed out in the filmmaker's commentary.**\*\***

## 18. Chapter 18

**\*\***Another short one here. I'm especially proud of this chapter, I don't know why.**\*\***

### Chapter 18

#### The Cove

POV: Astrid Hofferson

"No, no, it totally makes sense!" I insisted as we swept back into the cove under cover of darkness. "It's like a giant beehive. They're the workers, and that's they're queen. It controls them." I was, of course, referring to the gargantuan dragon that we had just seen.

Once we landed, I leapt off of Toothless and began to run towards the village. "Let's find your dad!" I told Hiccup, completely prepared to blow Hiccup's cover if necessary.

"No, no! Not yet!" said Hiccup, grabbing my arm to stop me. "They'llâ€¦ kill Toothless, Astrid. We need to think this though, carefully."

I stared at him, surprised that he was suggesting keeping the nest a secret. "Hiccup, we just found the dragons' nest!" I reminded him. "The thing that we've been after since Vikings first sailed here! And you want to keep it a secret? To protect your pet dragon? Are you serious?"

"Yes."

There was a tone in his voice, a look in his face, that turned the most simple of answers into the world's best argument. "Okay," I said after a moment of silence. "So what are you going to do?"

"Justâ€¦ give me until tomorrow," he replied. "I'll think of something."

We stood silently for a moment. Suddenly, the events of the night came back to me. I punched him in the arm. "That's for kidnapping me," I told him. He looked over at Toothless. The dragon simply snorted and waved his head at me, as if to say to Hiccup, 'Your problem now, deal with it.' \_

Then I reminded myself of the trip through the clouds. Without thinking it, and without hardly knowing it, I kissed him on the cheek. "And that's forâ€¦" I began, trying to understand my reasoning. "Everything else." I turned around, walking towards the village. After a few moments, I broke into a run. My mind was racing. I was trying to comprehend about a dozen things at once. \_'What just happened back there? How did Hiccup befriend a Night Fury that he shot down?'\_ But the foremost in my mind was something that, up until now, I thought I knew: \_'What side am I on?'\_

POV: Hiccup Haddock

I stood with my jaw slightly slack, staring off in the direction that Astrid had gone. I was either on the verge of fainting or jumping out for joy. I was contemplating on which of these to do when I noticed Toothless looking at me with confusion in his eyes. "Wh- what are you looking at?" I said, and returned to staring off into the distance.

**\*\*We're (finally) nearing the end. I've noticed the concept of 'sides' becoming a sort of theme here. Should I change the title accordingly? If so, suggestions within your reviews would be nice. Speaking of which, you should probably review this chapter.\*\***

## 19. Chapter 19

**\*\*Brace yourselves, people. The POV changes are gonna give you a headache.\*\***

### Chapter 19

#### The Kill Ring

POV: Stoick the Vast

The day had finally come. The day that my boy would finally kill a dragon. I stepped forward on the stage, the entire village gathered around me to hear my speech. "Well, I can show my face in public

again!" I joked, causing the entire village to laugh. "If someone had told me that in a few short weeks, Hiccup would go from being, wellâ€¦ Hiccup, to placing first in dragon trainingâ€¦ I would've tied him to a mast and shipped him off, for fear he'd gone mad!" The village went into an uproar. "And you know it!" I shouted over them.

I silenced them. "But here we are," I said, more seriously this time. "And no one's more surprisedâ€¦"

POV: Hiccup Haddock

"â€¦or more proud than I am," Stoick finished. I felt a tearing guilt go through me, making me feel worse about what I was going to do.

"I was at the gate going into the ring, awaiting Gobber's call. The next person I heard, however, was not Gobber.

"Be careful with that dragon," Astrid said, walking up behind me.

"It's not the dragon I'm worried about," I replied, looking up at Stoick as he sat down in his seat.

"What are you going to do?" asked Astrid, worry creeping into her voice.

"Put an end to this. I have to try," I told her. "Astrid, if somethingâ€¦ goes wrong, just make sure that they don't find Toothless."

"I will," she replied. "Just promise me it won't go wrong."

This was atypical of Astrid. She actually seemed to \_care. \_I began to reply when Gobber came for me. "It's time, Hiccup. Knock 'em dead!" He pulled me into the ring, forcing me to accept the reality of it all. I was going to have to do this. To make matters worse, it was with the Monstrous Nightmare, the most dangerous dragon in our possession.

I moved towards the weapon rack, which I had used as cover during our first training session. I observed the arsenal. There were only two tools that I would need. I grabbed a shield to look practical and to protect myself if things went wrong. My other tool was a tiny knife, almost identical to the one that I had almost killed Toothless with.

"I would've picked the hammer," I heard Stoick say to Gobber.

"Okay," I said. "I'm ready."

The final enclosure burst open, releasing a burning Nightmare. It scurried along the chains surrounding the ring spitting fire at a group of Vikings. Then the dragon saw me. It extinguished itself, preparing for close combat. I dropped my shield and knife. The cheering crowd grew silent, some murmuring in curiosity. I continued backing away. "What is he doing?" Stoick muttered, leaning forward.

The dragon continued to advance on me. I extended my palm, only to be answered by an angry snort. "It's okay, it's okay!" I said to it, trying to calm it. The dragon continued to snarl. I then remembered my helmet. I removed it from my head, looking up at the crowd, and cast it away.

"I'm not one of them," I told the dragon. It immediately became docile. The crowd gasped, surprised and confused. "Stop the fight," Stoick ordered, unable to comprehend what was in front of him.

"No!" I said to the crowd. "I need you all to see this." I stretched my hand to the Nightmare, which began to inch towards it. "They're not what we think they are," I told them. "We don't have to fight them."

"I SAID STOP THE FIGHT!" Stoick screamed, hitting his hammer on one of the bars. The dragon, startled, snapped at my hand. I pulled back, but the dragon gave chase. I yelled out in fear and began to run.

POV: Toothless

I raised my head up from my nap. I knew that scream. \_"Hiccup. He's in trouble!" \_I resumed my frantic attempts to escape.

POV: Astrid Hofferson

"Hiccup!" I shouted. Stoick had begun to push his way through the crowd, but he wasn't moving fast enough. I sprung into action. I grabbed an axe from the wall, pushing it under the gate and lifting. I slid under the gap and began to look for a way to help Hiccup.

POV: Toothless

Before, I had no real motivation. Sure, I was on the brink of starvation, but had nothing to go back to. Now, if I didn't get out, Hiccup would die. I scrambled up the side of the cove. My claws found purchase.

POV: Hiccup Haddock

I dodged another blast of fire as I ran. I reached the weapon rack, but before I could arm myself, the dragon crushed it.

POV: Toothless

I ran through the forest, thinking the most primal of thoughts. \_'I must reach him in time. I \_will \_reach him in time!'\_ \_

POV: Astrid Hofferson

I kicked up a hammer, throwing it at the dragon, this seemed to distract it from Hiccup, but the creature charged towards me.

Just then, Stoick threw the gate up. "This way!" he shouted. I ran through, and we waited for Hiccup to come, but just before he entered, the Nightmare spat one more burst, barring his way. He began to run in the opposite direction.

POV: Hiccup Haddock

For the third time in my life, I was pinned by an angry dragon. As I braced for the worst, an explosion rocked the ring, followed by a heavy smokescreen. The Nightmare was ripped off of me. I began to peer through the smoke for my rescuer. As the smoke cleared, I sawâ€| Toothless?

Toothless wrestled the dragon, tossing it off of himself. He then blocked the Nightmares way, growling protectively. The Nightmare slipped away.

I stood up and tried to get Toothless out of the arena. "Okay, Toothless, go. Get out of here!" I pushed him. Vikings poured into the arena. \_'Not now. There's no way to escape,' \_his voice said inside of my head. \_'I stay and fight to the death.' \_

"Go!" I urged him. "Go!"

Stoick grabbed an axe and charged at Toothless. "Dad! No! He won't hurt you!" I yelled.

Toothless begged to differ. He effortlessly swatted every Viking that came at him, then charged at Stoick. Moments later, Stoick was on the ground, pinned by Toothless.

"Toothless, STOP!" I cried. The hiss of gass building up became audible. Stoick braced himself. "NO!" I cried. Toothless swallowed back the gas. \_'But why?'\_ he asked. He looked at me with eyes that showed remorse, misunderstandingâ€|

His head was slammed down onto the stone. His wings were held down. His tail was taken hold of and held to the ground. I tried to stop them, but Astrid grabbed me and held me back. "No!" I cried desperately. "Pleaseâ€| just don't hurt him!"

Someone held an axe up to Stoick. "Put it with the others," he spat, and then turned his burning glare at me.

\*\*I am so sorry for all of the POV changes! It was unavoidable! I'll try to keep them to a minimum from now on! Take your frustrations out on your reviews, not me!\*\*

## 20. Chapter 20

\*\*I've wanted to write this chapter for a while. Enjoy!\*\*

### Chapter 20

The Side I'm on

POV: Hiccup Haddock

"I should have known! I should have seen the signs!" said Stoick as he tossed me into the Great Hall, slamming the door behind him.

"Dad-" I began.

"We had a deal!" he growled, pacing back and forth.

"I know we didâ€¦ but that was beforeâ€¦ oh, it's all so messed up!" I said, unable to string my words together.

"So everything in the ring. A trick? A lie?" he asked, marching towards me, holding back words.

"I screwed up. I should have told you before now. Take this out on me. Be mad at me. But pleaseâ€¦" I pleaded. "Just don't hurt Toothless."

"The dragon? That's what you're worried about? Not the people you almost killed?" he said, verging on full-blown rage.

"He was just protecting me! He's not dangerous!"

"They've killed hundreds of us!"

"And we've killed \_thousands \_of them!"

My last remark took him aback, giving me the opportunity that I needed. "They defend themselves, that's all. They raid us because they have to. If they don't bring back enough food, they'll be eaten themselves! There's somethingâ€¦ else on their island. It's a dragon like you've neverâ€¦"

"Their \_island\_!" Stoick interrupted. I'd said too much. "So you've been to the Nest."

"Did- did I say nest?" I stammered .

"How did you find it?" Stoick inquired.

"I- I didn't," I explained. "Toothless did. Only a dragon can find the island."

Stoick glared at me for a moment, and then his eyes widened with an idea.

"Oh, no," I realized what he was thinking. "No, Dad. No."

Stoick ignored me, walking towards the door with a single purpose.

"Dad, it's not what you think!" I said running to catch up with him. "You don't know what you're up against! Dad, please! I promise that you can't win this one!" My words hit deaf ears. I grabbed his arm and tugged, trying desperately to get his attention. "No! Dad, no!" I pleaded.

"FOR ONCE IN YOUR LIFE, WOULD YOU PLEASE JUST LISTEN TO ME?" I screamed.

Stoick threw me off of his arm and turned to face me.

POV: Stoick the Vast

"You've thrown your lot in with them. You're not a Viking," I told Hiccup. "You're not my son."



With that, I turned and left, slamming the door behind me. "Ready the ships!" I ordered the village below me.

Suddenly, the magnitude of what I had just done hit me, nearly knocking me off of my feet. I had just disowned my son. My only son.

After a moment, I collected myself and went to oversee the preparations of the ships.

POV: Anonymous

Every working catapult and trebuchet in the village was broken down and carried into the harbor. Weapons were loaded into the ship. Every man and woman able to fight enlisted on the raid of the dragons' nest.

The last thing to be loaded was Toothless. Chained to a wooden block, held down by metal bars covering his midsection, and bound by his mouth by a wooden muzzle. As he struggled desperately to free himself, the village elder pulled the two children she was watching closer. They had never had a chance to study this creature close up. Who knew what this demon could still do.

All Hiccup could do was watch. Watch as his best friend was chained. Watch as his father prepared to set forth to almost certain doom.

"Set sail!" Stoick ordered. "We head for Helheim's Gate!"

Then he noticed Hiccup standing above the dock, watching with pain in his eyes as everything he knew was taken away from him. Stoick felt a brief pang of remorse, but shook it away, replacing it with contempt for the dragons.

"Lead us home, Devil," he spat at Toothless.

Toothless glared for a moment, and then lowered his head in defeat and resignation.

POV: Hiccup Haddock

And so they left. As the last ship cleared the horizon, I thought all was lost. Then I heard footstep approaching from behind.

"It's a mess," said Astrid. I didn't respond. "You must feel horrible," she continued. "You've lost everything: Your father, your tribe, your best friendâ€¦"

"Thank you for summing that up," I said miserably. We stood silently for a moment. "Why couldn't I have killed that dragon when I found him in the woods?" I said suddenly. "It would have been better for everyone."

"Yep, the rest of us would have done it," Astrid agreed. "So why didn't you?" Again, I didn't answer. "Why didn't you?"

"I don't knowâ€¦ I couldn't," I replied.

"That's not an answer."

"Why is this so important to you all of a sudden?" I asked, becoming irate.

"Because I want to remember what you say, right now," she said, prying for an answer that I myself didn't know.

"Oh for the love of-" I began angrily. "I was a coward! I was weak! I wouldn't kill a dragon!"

"You said wouldn't that time," she said, still prying.

"Whatever!" I snapped. "I wouldn't! Three hundred years and I'm the first Viking who wouldn't kill a dragon!"

I turned around, feeling ashamed.

"First to ride one, though," Astrid pointed out, I raised my head, getting an epiphany. "Soâ€¦"

"â€¦I wouldn't kill himâ€¦ because he was as frightened as I was. I looked at himâ€¦ and saw myself," I said, several more realizations branching from that one. \_'Now I know where I knew that gaze from, it was mine.' \_

"I'll bet he's really frightened now," Astrid said. The beginnings of a plan were forming in my mind. "So what are you going to do?"

"I don't know," I said. "Probably something stupid."

"Good, but you've already done that."

"Thenâ€¦ something crazy," I said, and ran towards the kill ring.

"That's more like it!" said Astrid, and ran after me.

I hadn't fully formed a plan in my mind, but I did know one thing: I'd figured out what side I was on.

**\*\*Good. Now that I've wrapped up that self-invented subplot, I can get on with the story, and you guys can review this awesome chapter of awesomeness.\*\***

## 21. Chapter 21

### Chapter 21

#### To Helheim's Gate

#### POV: Stoick the Vast

There I was again. Helheim's Gate. But this time, instead of blindly sailing through fog, we had a dragon to guide us. "Sound your positions. Stay within earshot," I ordered the other ships.

"Here."

"One length to your stern."

"On your starboard flank."

"Three widths to port."

"Ahead, at your bow."

"Haven't a clue."

I stood at the bow, attempting to see through the soup. The only things in sight were sea stacks. Gobber hobbled up to me from behind. "Listen, Stoick," he began. "I was overhearing some of the men just now and, well, some of them are wondering what it is we're up to here- not me, of course. I know you're always the man with the plan. But some- not me, are wondering if there is in fact a plan at all, and what it might be?"

"We find the nest and take it," I said bluntly. The man's mouth would make a Terrible Terror proud.

"Ah. Of course. Send them running. The old Viking fall-back. Nice and simple," the man prattled on. Suddenly, I noticed a change in Hiccup's dragon. It was twitching its ears, as if it were sensing something. I hushed Gobber, and then moved to the stern, pushing the helmsman out of my way. "Step aside."

I took hold of tiller, watching the dragon, moving with as it was forced to lead us home.

POV: Hiccup Haddock

I stood at the gate to the Nightmare's enclosure, the last one. I hesitated in opening it.

"If you're planning on getting eaten, I'd definitely go with the Gronckle," said a voice from behind. I turned around in surprise. It was Fishlegs, Snotlout, the twins: Ruffnut and Tuffnut, and Astrid.

"You were wise to seek help from the world's most deadly weapon," said Tuffnut, marching right up to me and trying to sound intimidating.

Snotlout pushed him aside. "I \_love \_this plan!" he said.

"I didn't," I began, but he was replaced by Ruffnut before I could finish.

"You're crazy!" she said, and then leaned closer. "I like that."

This was growing more uncomfortable by the minute. Thankfully, Astrid saved me by swooping in and pulling Tuff away. I let out a sigh of relief.

"So, what is the plan?" asked Astrid.

I looked over her shoulder at everyone else. Five bodies. Five heads.

This was going to work perfectly. I smiled.

POV: Stoick the Vast

We had been steering through the mist for what felt like hours. Suddenly, a large dragon's head emerged from the mist. It was a ship. One of ours, by the looks of it, but no sign of the crew.

"That's not very encouraging," somebody muttered.

"Ah. I was wondering where that went," said Gobber weakly. An unearthly buzzing pierced the air. Suddenly, the dragon's head shifted to directly ahead of us. I held course. Then I saw it: An immense mountain reaching up and out of the mist. I hopped out of the boat. The buzzing stopped the moment I hit the beach. "We're here."

POV: Snotlout Snotface

I wasn't seeing this. Hiccup was leading the Monstrous Nightmare, the dragon that was about ready to kill him a few hours ago, out of its cage with his outstretched palm. Needless to say, I was terrified. I noticed a broken spear from the earlier battle. I picked it up, just in case things went askew. Astrid slapped my arm. "Uh-uh," she scolded. I dropped the spear.

Hiccup led the dragon right towards me. He grabbed my arm, moving it towards the dragon's head. "Wait! What are youâ€" I said, surprised.

"Relax," Hiccup said. "It's okayâ€| it's okay." He placed my palm on the dragon's snout, but instead of eating it like it should have done, the dragon accepted it. It was the coolest thing I had ever done.

Hiccup began to walk away. "Where you going?" I called, not wanting the dragon to change its mind in his absence.

"You're gonna need something to help you hold on," said Hiccup, fishing some rope out of a nearby bin.

We looked at the other uncaged training dragons. Hiccup's plan suddenly became clear.

POV: Stoick the Vast

The catapults had been set up, stakes were sharpened and driven into the ground, the army was ready to fight.

I stood over a battle plan scratched in the black sand. The army would attack the nest from three angles, while the catapults provided support from the back. "When this mountain breaks open, all hell is going to break loose," I warned my generals: Spitelout, Gobber, and Phlegma.

"And my undies!" Gobber replied. "Good thing I brought extras."

"No matter how this ends," I said loudly. "It ends today!" I signaled for the catapults to fire. They all concentrated on one point, but hit far enough apart to get the widest area of effect possible. The

mountain broke open. I stepped into the dark tunnel that opened up. An eerie silence filled the air. I signaled for a catapult to fire its burning payload. It soared into the cavern.

What I saw was beyond what I had ever seen: Hundreds, no, \_thousands \_of dragons lined the walls. I charged, screaming a war cry and swinging my hammer like a psychotic gnome. The dragons charged back, I swung my axe at anything that moved. I hit nothing. Gobber hit nothing. Spitelout hit nothing. Phlegma hit nothing.

The dragons killed no one.

They simply fled, almost as if they were afraid. "Is that it?" asked Gobber, bewildered. He shrugged, then addressed the army. "We've done it!" Everyone broke into cheers.

All except for me. I had seen something the others hadn't: Hiccup's dragon had renewed its efforts to escape. It was terrified. Then I heard Hiccup's words. \_"There's something else on their islandâ€| you don't know what you're up againstâ€| it's like nothing you've ever seenâ€| FOR ONCE IN YOUR LIFE WOULD YOU PLEADE JUST LISTEN TO ME?"\_

'\_I listened, Hiccup, just not soon enough,' \_I thought. But this wasn't about to end here. "This isn't over!" I shouted. "Form your ranks! Hold together!" The loudest roar I had ever heard from a dragon echoed through the tunnel. The gust of air it created blew the boats back. "Get clear!" I shouted. The ground began to crack, and the mountain burst open. And all hell broke loose.

\*\*Yes, I am that cruel to cut off there. And yes, I did get around to posting a new chapter. At this rate, we might actually reach my goal of twenty-five chapters. We'll see. In the meantime, REVIEW!\*\*

## 22. Chapter 22

\*\* Look, I know it's been awhile, but between scholl and a playthrough of Fallout: New Vegas, I've got may hands pretty full. Here's a cookie to make up for it. \*\*

\*\*(::)\*\*

### Chapter 22

#### Battling the Red Death

POV: Stoick the Vast

"Beard of Thor! What is that?" Gobber exclaimed, referring to the creature that had burst from the depths of the mountain. What was it, indeed? It was a dragon, that much I could tell. It was enormous, though. Greater than any I'd seen before. It had an enormous snout, small eyes, and an alien-looking ring of bony appengages coming out of the back of its head.

"Odin help us!" was all I could say.

A fragment of the army tried to fight back. "Catapults!" someone yelled. The catapults all scored direct hits, but to no effect. The

boulders bounced off of the skin of the beast like pebbles. The beast crushed the weapons like they were made of straw.

"Get to the ships!" somebody shouted.

"No! NO!" I yelled over the chaos, I was anticipating the creature's next move. Sure enough, I breathed a stream of searing hot fire onto the ships. The occupants managed to escape before the fire engulfed them.

"Smart, that one," said Gobber as he caught up with me.

"I was a fool," I said, furious with myself. The creature was on a rampage, taking a snap at anyone it saw. I had to get the men out of there. I stopped Spite loud, who had also come alongside me. "Lead the men to the far side of the island," I ordered him.

"Right," he acknowledged, and turned to gather the men. "Everyone to the far side of the island!"

"Gobber, go with the men!" I ordered.

"I think I'll stay, just in case you were thinking of doing something crazy," he replied, refusing to leave.

"I can buy a few minutes if I can give that thing someone to hunt," I explained, hoping that would frighten him off. Instead, he grabbed my forearm.

"Then I can double that time."

I smiled, admiring his loyalty. I grabbed his forearm in agreement. We both charged at the beast, screaming war cries.

I grabbed a wood stake from the ground and tossed it at the dragon. "Fight me!" I shouted at it.

"No, me!" Gobber yelled.

The creature spotted us. It raised its head, taking a sharp intake of breath. I braced myself, waiting for the inevitable.

The blast hit the back of the creature's head. \_\_'What? '\_\_

Then I saw them: A Nadder, a Monstrous Nightmare, a Zippleback, and a Gronckle. But that wasn't what caught me off guard, but what was on each of their backs. There I saw Ruffnut, Tuffnut, Fishlegs, Snotlout, Astrid, and Hiccup.

I only managed to mouth something that felt like, "What theâ€¦!"

"Look at us, we're on a dragon!" Tuffnut shouted. "'We're on dragons, all of us!"

Gobber hobbled over, about as dumbfounded, but not as much as me. "Every bit of boar-headed, stubborn Viking you ever were," he said. I only nodded, speechless.

POV: Hiccup Haddock

"Ruff, Tuff, watch your backs!" I ordered the group. "Move, Fishlegs!" We turned for another pass. "Fishlegs, break it down!"

"Okay. Heavily armored skull and tail for bashing and crushing," Fishlegs analyzed. "Steer clear of both! Small eyes, large nostrils. Relies on hearing and smelling."

"Okay. Lout, Legs, hang in its blind spot. Make some noise, keep it confused," I ordered. "Ruff, Tuff, find out if it has a shot limit. Make it mad."

"That's my specialty!" said Ruffnut.

"Since when? Everyone knows I'm more irritating, see?" Tuffnut flipped his head of the Zippleback upside-down, making irritating sounds.\

"Just do as I told you!" I said, exasperated. "I'll be back as soon as I can!" And with that, Astrid and I (who was sharing the Nadder with me) peeled off and began to search the ships for Toothless.

POV: Overview of Fuffnut, Tuffnut, Fishlegs, and Snotlout

"Troll!"

"Butt Elf!"

"Bride of Grendel!"

These were among the taunts shouted by Ruffnut and Tuffnut to the Red Death. As they passed, it shot a burst of fire at them, which they easily dodged, thanks to Fishlegs and Snotlout, who were hovering near its eyes, banging at their shields with hammers. The Death responded by opening its remaining eyes, revealing six in total.

"I don't think this thing has a blind spot!" Fishlegs shouted, not noticing his Gronckle also beginning to be affected by the noise.

POV: Hiccup Haddock

I saw him. A black shape among a sea of orange. "There!" I shouted, pointing to the burning ship that Toothless was still trapped on. Astrid swept in just low enough to allow me to jump off. "Go help the others!" I told her. She flew away, leaving me to save Toothless from the burning ship.

I slid off his muzzle, allowing him to make an anxious shriek. "Hold on. Hold on," I said, getting to work on his chains.

POV: Overview of Snotlout, Fishlegs, and Astrid

"It's working!" Snotlout yelled to Fishlegs, who continued to hit his shield with his hammer. Unbeknownst to them, however, their dragons had become confused as well. Snotlout's Nightmare drifted directly into the Red Death's head, knocking Snotlout off of his mount and

onto the Death's snout.

Fishlegs had worse problems. His Gronckle had begun to spin uncontrollably downward. "I'm losing power on the Gronckle!" he shouted. He tossed his hammer to Snotlout. "Snotlout! Do something!" The Gronckle careened into the ground, skidding to a stop and launching Fishlegs face first into the rocky sand. "I'm okay!" he shouted. His Gronckle flipped back onto him. "Less okay."

Meanwhile, Snotlout began to work on a more Viking-like way of confusing the Death: Beating its eyes with a hammer. "I can't miss!" he taunted. "What's wrong, buddy? Got something in your eye?"

Astrid, seeing Snotlout in his moment of triumph, saw fit to cheer him on. "Yeah! You're the Viking!" she shouted. Snotlout, distracted, stopped hammering the Death for a moment, allowing it to regain its senses. It began to toss its head to throw Snotlout off, and almost did, but he managed to hold on to one of its spines.

POV: Hiccup Haddock

In the Red Death's attempts to get rid of Snotlout and Fishlegs, its clubbed tail knocked over the mast of the ship that Toothless and I were occupying. Moments later its foot smashed the ship. I swam desperately to get to Toothless. When I reached him, I was nearly out of breath. I tried one last desperate attempt, and then everything went black. In the darkness, I felt a hand pull me away.

"\_No!\_"

I awoke on a large rock onshore, and looked just in time to see a large, red haired man dive into the water. "Dad?"

POV: Stoick the Vast

I swam to where Hiccup's Night Fury rested on the seabed. I examined the beast for a moment, and the beast studied me. I easily broke the collar keeping him in place. The dragon shot out at me.

We surfaced in moments. The dragon placed me down on the rock, the notioned to Hiccup. Hiccup seemed to understand.

"You got it, bud," he said, and began to strap himself in. Before he could take off, I hurried and grabbed his arm.

"Hiccup, I'm sorry for- for everything."

"Yeah me too," he apologized back.

"You don't have to go up there," I told him. For the first time that I could remember, I was legitimately worried about him.

"We're Vikings," he said confidently. "It's an occupational hazard."

I had to make amends for what I had done. "I'm proud to call you my son."



Hiccup was taken aback. "Thanks dad," he managed. I let go of his arm, and they shot off into the sky.

POV: Overview of Astrid, Ruffnut, Tuffnut, and Snotlout

Astrid was the first to see the black streak shoot up. "He's up!" she called to Ruff and Tuff. "Get Snotlout out of there!"

"I'm on it!" they said simultaneously.

"I'm on it first!"

"I'm ahead of you!"

The two continued bickering until they reached Snotlout, who promptly leapt off of the Death's snout and onto their Zippleback.

"I can't believe that worked!" Tuffnut said in disbelief.

POV: Astrid Hofferson

As we peeled off, the Red Death took a deep intake of breath. My Nadder and I were caught in the draft and pulled slowly towards the creature's mouth.

A familiar subsonic whine pierced the air.

"Night Fury!" Gobber shouted from below. "Get down!"

An immense blast hit the Death, causing it to lose its focus, but also knocking me off of my Nadder. I began to plummet. Down, down, down! Sideways? I was being carried by the foot by Toothless.

"Did you get her?" Hiccup asked? Toothless peered under himself. I smiled. He pulled the most ridiculous grin I had ever seen.

I was flipped around and placed down on the ground. Toothless and Hiccup flew off to fight the Red Death. I was breathless.

"Go."

POV: Hiccup Haddock

"That thing has wings!" I realized as we climbed higher. "Okay! Let's see if it can use them!"

I turned us around and began another dive-bombing run. The subsonic whine pierced the air, and Toothless let loose a hellish blast that knocked the Death off of its feet.

\*\*Okay, a pretty long time to update, but a pretty long chapter to boot. According to my calculations, we will reach my expected goal of twenty-five! Sorry if that last bit was slightly below what my usual standards are, I'm a little strained of creativity. Review.\*\*

## 23. Chapter 23

\*\*M'kay, here's another chapter to a story that has already been

told.\*\*

## Chapter 23

### Counter Attack

POV: Hiccup Haddock

"You think that did it?" I asked as I looked back. Suddenly, the Death rose into view, carrying its large body on small, nearly undersized wings. It was almost laughable if it wasn't for the fact that it was set only on killing us. "Well, it can fly!" I said, stating the obvious.

"\_No, really?" \_said Toothless dryly.

We weaved through a maze of sea stacks, swerving, turning, and rolling around each one. The crowd gathering below cheered us on, but the Death plowing through the rocks like twigs quickly silenced them.

My mind raced to come up with an idea. \_'The rocks didn't work; its skin is too thick to do any damage with our blastâ€|' \_I looked up at the clouds of ash above me. The deep black swirling masses were rather soothing. \_'Blackâ€| Night Furyâ€| That's it!' \_It wasn't a permanent solution, but it would give me more time to come up with something. "Okay, Toothless. Time to disappear!" Toothless seemed to understand as he began to climb upward.

Behind me, I heard the Death gaining. Even worse: I could hear it building gas for another shot. I waited for the moment when the hissing was loudest. "Here it comes!" I warned Toothless. We rolled out of the way just in time, and a stream of flame blew past us. We shot straight into the mass of black. The Death followed, but in these clouds, we were more at home than it.

An idea stuck me. If I could damage its wings enough, maybe I could trick it into crashing into the ground. I would still need a way to make sure it died, however.

Toothless's subsonic whine pierced the air multiple times. Each time we landed a hit, it would turn around, giving us a new angle. We aimed for the wings. After all, a downed dragon is a dead dragon, no matter the size.

After hitting the Death a multitude of times, it finally resorted to spewing out a hellish storm of fire in all directions. I tried to dodge, but a brief sound of fire catching told me all I needed to know: Toothless's prosthetic tail fin was burning. I looked back, assessing the time left. Minutes, at most. We had to get down, and fast.

"Okay, time's up!" I told Toothless. "Let's see if this works!"

We began the fastest dive we had ever performed. We cleared the ash cloud and saw the ground approaching fast, but not fast enough. Even worse, the Death was gaining once more, and the smoldering holes in its wings were having no effect on its descent. I raced once again for an idea. \_'The rocks? No. Wings? No. Blasting it until we run out of shots and we die anyway? No.' \_ It was impossible. There was just

no way of killing it. Its skin was fireproofâ€| \_'But not on the inside! '\_

The Red Death closed in on us. "Come on, buddy. Just a little longer," I assured Toothless. I heard the hiss of gas building.

"Hold, Toothless."

The hissing got to its loudest.

"NOW!"

Toothless spun around and spat a blue fireball into the mass of green gas in the Death's mouth. It had the desired effect, igniting and cooking the dragon's insides.

The ground was now less than a hundred feet away. Toothless and I shot up the Death's back, while the Death attempted to slow its descent, but to no avail. The holes in its wings expanded, and the creature slammed into the ground, creating a massive explosion that rocked the island.

Toothless and I raced the explosion, hoping to get clear beforeâ€| the fin burned away. However, we still had enough momentum going to get us clear and, with care, glide to the ground. I didn't anticipate, however, the massive clubbed tail headed straight for us.

"No!" I shouted, unable to believe what I saw, but the tail kept coming. "NO!"

I tried to swerve us out of the way, but the tail impacted heavily on our left side, throwing me off of the saddle and back into the inferno.

"\_No! "\_

The last thing I remember was a dark embrace.

\*\*And there we go. Two more chapters left. I hope there's more reviews than that, however.\*\*

## 24. Chapter 24

\*\*Okay, I've been a wee bit inconsistent with updates. I blame Canada.\* \*\*

\*\*\*Please note that the above statement was purely satirical. No offense was intended to any of the Canadian nationality. I'm sure that Canadians are all very cool people.\*\*

## Chapter 24

Where's Hiccup?

POV: Stoick the Vast

"Hiccup!" I called out into the ashy remains of the best.

"Hiccup!"

I had been searching for almost ten minutes, but the ashes fell like a winter storm, making it impossible to see more than five feet away. Thankfully, the ashes had begun to clear, improving visibility somewhat.

Then I saw it.

A large black mass lay in a heap about twenty feet away, tangled in twisted metal and burnt leather.

"Hiccup," I said, feeling helpless for the first time in my life.

I hurried over to the black heap. It was indeed Toothless. He didn't appear to be moving. No, he was breathing. I checked the saddle. Nothing, not even a scorched bone remained of my son.

"Oh son!" I whispered, on the verge of tears. "I did this."

Around me, a crowd of Vikings began to gather. They bowed their heads in sadness. Even Astrid seemed on the verge of tears.

"I'm so sorry!" I told the dragon. Tears rolled down my cheeks. For the first time I could remember, I was crying.

Toothless looked down his body, as if to check if he still had something, and then unfolded his wing, which had been concealing his belly, to reveal Hiccup, clutched in his legs, but motionless.

Without ceremony or hesitation, I scooped Hiccup up, threw off my helmet and pressed my ear to his chest.

\_Thump thump.\_

"He's alive!" I cried out, my tears of sadness turned to those of joy. "You've brought him back alive!"

The crowd behind me erupted into cheers. Everyone, even dragons, seemed to be celebrating.

"Thank you, for saving my son," I said, putting my hand on Toothless's snout, who simply rested his head on the ground.

"Well, you know, most of 'im," said Gobber, walking up behind me.

I looked to where Gobber was indicating to see-

**\*\*Cliffhanger! Aren't I such an evil genius? Anyways, the next chapter will be the last, but don't worry, I'll finally be able to get this off my shoulders. Just gotta wait for How to Train Your Dragon 2 (set for release in 2014)...\*\***

## 25. Chapter 25

**\*\*And so we come to the end, where all good things go.\*\***

Chapter 25

## Coming Back Around

POV: Hiccup Haddock

Pain. That was the first thing I remember when I regained consciousness. Pain on my arms, pain on my body, and pain in my head. Around me I felt a warm, coarse shroud that covered everything but my head; I was in a bed. I felt a familiar scaly nudge on my chin.

I opened my eyes. Foremost in my vision was a welcome sight. "Hey, Toothless," I muttered groggily. Seeing I was awake, he began to excitedly nudge and lick at my face, edging up my body all the while.

"Okay, okay!" I protested, not wanting to harm myself any further. "I'm happy to see you too, bud. Now just—" AGH!" Toothless stepped on a rather tender spot between my legs, waking me up to the fullest and causing me to bolt to a sitting position. Seeing that he caused me pain, he backed off of my bed.

I took a look around my surroundings. In the center of the room there was a fire pit. On either end of the room there were two doors, one of which had the edges mildly singed. I looked at the bed, and sure enough, it was mine, moved down the stairs that were now at the foot of the bed.

"I'm — in my house," I weakly managed. I looked to Toothless, not three feet away, shaking with excitement and unkempt energy.

"Y- You're in my house!" I stammered in disbelief. Unable to contain his excitement, he tore around the room, knocking over any and every item his tail's reach.

"D- Does dad know you're here?" I asked, still confounded by the current situation. He continued to tear around the room. "Okay! Okay!" I said, trying to get him to stop. He jumped up onto the rafters. "No, Toothless!" He promptly lay down and stared at me, looking just as much a dog as the time I fed him the fish.

"Come on," I muttered. I made to get out of bed, lifting the covers to see— My face fell in horror.

I slowly moved my legs out of bed. My booted right foot touched the floor with a soft thud.

My Iron and wooden prosthetic left leg hit the floor with a metallic click.

Toothless came down, sniffing at the alien object, then turned his gaze to me with an almost knowing gaze. I returned it with disbelief.

I braced myself on the bedpost, mentally counting to three. I hoisted myself up. I winced as pain shot up my knee and into my leg. I took a moment to gain my balance.

"Okay— Okay—" I whispered to myself. I took my first step. A terrible pain shot up my pain, like a thousand Nadder spines had imbedded themselves in my bones. I fell, certain that I was going to

fall flat on my face, but Toothless was there almost instantly to catch me.

"\_You and me both, buddy," \_his voice whispered in the back of my head. I remembered him frantically trying to fly out of the cove, almost certain that he was trapped and unable to fly, and was only able to become airborne when I made him the prosthetic tail fin to replace the one I had destroyed. I guess he was returning the favor.

"Thanks, bud," I said to him as we began to slowly hobble to the front door. I grabbed the handle, pulled their door back and- a Nightmare was there to greet me.

I hurriedly slammed the door shut. "Toothless," I said slowly. "Stay here."

I slowly opened the door, ready to face whatever awaited me. I braced myself for a flesh melting blast of fire. Instead, I saw Snotlout on the Nightmare.

"Come on guys, get ready!" he shouted at someone out of my field of vision. "Get ready! Here we go!"

He shot off; followed by several adults on dragons, clearing my field of view to a sight I thought I'd never see.

Dragons were sitting on rooftops, eating fish from the torches, and milling through the village. Vikings just passed them without looking, or even pulling so much as a dagger. I even saw children riding on the backs of a few dragons, who casually strolled through the village, not even bothering to look back at the humans who occupied their backs.

"I knew it, I'm dead!" I said, dumbstruck with what I saw in front of me. A hearty laughter emanated from behind me.

"No, but you gave it your best shot," chuckled Stoick, who walked up behind me, putting his arm around me. "So, what do you think?" I shrugged, at a loss for words.

"Look, it's Hiccup!" someone shouted. Within moments I was surrounded by Vikings young and old, all giving me hero's greetings.

"Turn out all we needed was a little more ofâ€|" Stoick waved his hand in my general direction. "This."

"You just gestured to all of me," I said, a smile creeping onto my face.

"Well, most of you," Gobber interjected, motioning at my leg. "Tha' bit's my handiwork. With a little Hiccup flair thrown in, ye think it'll do?"

I studied the leg for a moment. "I might make a few tweaks," I replied.

A sharp pain hit the back of my arm. I turned around to see Astrid. "That's for scaring me!" she said.

What is it always going to be like this?" I protested. "'Cause Iâ€" Astrid grabbed the front of my shirt. I braced for another punch.

Astrid kissed me full on the mouth.

"I could get used to this," I said, almost at the point of fainting for the second time in Gods know how long.

"Welcome home," said Gobber, handing me a bundle of cloth and metal.

Toothless burst from my house, unable to contain his excitement and pent up energy.

"Night Fury!" somebody shouted. "Get down!"

Toothless pounced on the heads of several Vikings, quickly dispersing the crowd. He eyed the bundle with excitement.

HtTYD

I hefted myself onto Toothless's new saddle. I clicked my new prosthetic into a modified stirrup and spread out the rebuilt tail, now crimson with a skull design on it. Astrid readied her Nadder next to us.

"You ready?" I asked Toothless. He snorted, as if to say "yes". Before taking off, I looked over the 'new' Berk.

'\_This is Berk. It snows nine month out of the year and hails the other three.'\_

We leapt up into the air and raced through the village.

'\_Any food that grows here is tough and tasteless.'\_

We passed a man drinking from a mug, causing him to choke on his beverage.

'\_The people that grow here are even more so.'\_

We swept into the harbor, weaving in and out of masts. We passed under the bridge leading to the training ring. Fishlegs, who happened to be strolling over on his Gronckle, joined us.

'\_The only upsides are the pets.'\_

Snotlout, Ruffnut, and Tuffnut joined formation. We flew in a flying 'V', with me and Toothless at the head.

'\_While most places have parrots or ponies, we haveâ€'|'\_

Toothless and I broke formation, shooting up into the sky.

'\_Dragons!'\_

\*\*Before I end this story for good, I think thanks are in order. I'd like to thank anyone who took the time to read this retelling from

start to finish, and doubly so to any who commented. I would especially like to thank Underwaterwriter (I hope I spelled your penname correctly), who gave me the input I needed to get this story off the ground. I don't know if you're still reading this, but wherever you are thanks.\*\*

\*\*Anyhow, I'll eventually rewrite this story from Toothless's perspective. Expect that sometime during the Summer. Until then: This is masterargent, and I say goodbye to the community. \_For now...\_\*\*

End  
file.